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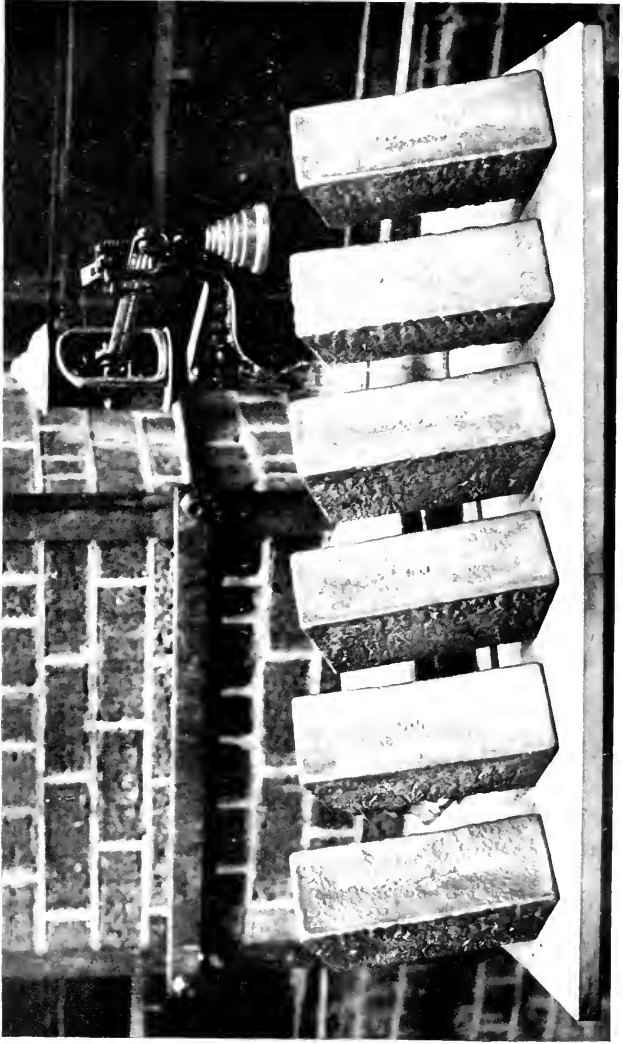
Truly
Yours

THE RIDGE OF
THE WHITE WATERS

A mænad seated on a golden throne ;
My plaything is a nation's destiny ;
My feet are clay, my bosom is a stone—
The princes of all lands are fain of me.
But—stark, before the splendour of my gates,
The grim Boer, leaning on his rifle, waits.

Voices of Africa.





Frantspiece

THE (MODERN) BREAD OF LIFE.

THE RIDGE OF THE WHITE WATERS

(“WITWATERSRAND”)

OR

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISIT TO JOHANNESBURG
WITH SOME NOTES OF DURBAN, DELAGOA
BAY, AND THE LOW COUNTRY

BY

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

AUTHOR OF

“BETWEEN SUN AND SAND,” “UNCONVENTIONAL REMINISCENCES,”
“THE WHITE HECATOMB,” ETC. ETC.

WITH FORTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS IN HALF-TONE

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NOTE

FROM a recent return published in the Government *Gazette*, it would appear that the number of fatalities from accidents in the mines has been overstated. The figures I gave were, according to my notes, taken from *The Worker*, the official organ of the South African Labour Party, dated September 23, 1911.

W. C. S.

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NOTE.—The photographs relating to Delagoa Bay were taken by Messrs. A. W. Bayley & Co., those relating to Randfontein by Mr. Wunch, and most of the others by the author.



THE RIDGE OF THE WHITE WATERS

CHAPTER I

East London—Black labour—The native territories—Old tragedies—Durban—Its prosperity—The ricksha

THE early September afternoon is unseasonably cold as the *Dover Castle* starts on her eastward way, against wind and tide, from the roadstead at Port Elizabeth. The vessel, usually one of the steadiest, rolls far too much for the comfort of some of the passengers. For this the ship is not to be blamed; her instability is due to the strike among the dock labourers. She had to leave the port of London with only half a cargo, and has now little else than ballast in her hold.

The passengers include several men who, although comparatively young in years, are old in experience of war, of mining, or of the chase.

Their faces bear the healthful record of their deeds; their eyes are steady, but alert; their mien is reticent, but has a hint of friendly possibilities. These are adventurers who returned to the flesh-pots of civilisation—only to find, after the almost invariable rule, that the contents had lost their savour. Such are the men who bit and bridle the wilderness until it becomes as tame as a cabman's hack. Theirs is, if they only knew it, the lordliest life on earth. Soon there will be nothing left to explore; in a hundred years from now sagas will be sung about these spacious days when the fluttering robe of that fairest of nymphs—she whose name is Adventure—can still be seen in unexplored thickets.

When there is left no more physical wilderness to subdue, what occupation will the descendants of such men follow? May they not, haply, essay a conquest of that moral inertia which falls like a blight wherever men aggregate beyond a certain point. May they not expend their abounding energies in creating ideals instead of roads?

To these adventurers I stand in a sort of *loco parentis*, for I too adventured in my early

days. I am now on a kind of Rip Van Winkle pilgrimage to scenes where, more than half a lifetime ago, I was a pioneer: to Delagoa Bay, where I sojourned eight-and-thirty years ago, and where the bones of many of my friends have ever since mouldered in the hot, red sand; to the Delagoa hinterland—known then as “The Low Country”—through which I helped to cut the first road from the Transvaal in 1874, and to Johannesburg, that Golden Calf which Anglo-Israel worships, and on the site of which I once hunted blesbucks.

It is early morning when we reach East London. The wind is raw and biting. Streaming as it does over the Indian Ocean from the eastward, this indicates that the warm Mozambique current is flowing eastward from the southern extremity of Madagascar instead of south. According to a theory which I have formed, a rainy summer should follow for South Africa.

The harbour tug, like a fussy hen, hurries out and takes such passengers as have here to land under her spray-plumed wings. These passengers are hustled into a basket, which is then swung aloft and held suspended against the face

of the murky heavens—swaying there until such time as it may be safe to lower away. The men who perform this delicate operation are Kaffirs; after the manner of Africa, the white men look on while the black men do the work. It is a black man who works the steam-winch; another black man, with uplifted hand, flickers a sign to the winch-manipulator to heave, to pause, or to lower away, as the case may be. The big vessel rolls; the tub dances on the broken swell. High up, the swaying basket, with its freight of delicate white flesh and blood, dangles parlously. The situation looks dangerous, but in reality it is quite safe. The black man at the vessel's side has one eye on the dangling basket and the other on that cleared space of the tug's deck to which it has to sink. He flickers his hand; the black man crouching beside the winch obeys the signal and lowers away. Another flicker; once more the basket soars aloft to await a better opportunity. Soon this arrives, and the basket sinks, swiftly but without a jar, to the tug's deck. The side of the wicker cage opens, and the inmates—white women and children—step forth and hurry to seek shelter from the driving spray. They, like

their mankind, take the successful exercise of the black man's skill quite as a matter of course.

All the men who "work" on the lighters here appear to be Kaffirs. Six-and-thirty years ago I had personal experience of lighter-work at this port. Then the workers were all European. Here is one of a series of more or less similar facts which those who look forward to the establishment of a South African Labour Party on Australian lines should carefully look at, and endeavour to explain. A possible explanation may be that when the employer finds that the Native has become sufficiently skilful in any given line, he dismisses the European in favour of the Native, who will work for lower wages. Nevertheless, one cannot but be struck by the circumstance that the white man in Africa inevitably tends to become an overseer of black labour, and that nine-tenths of the labour calling for strenuous physical effort is performed by the black man.

After a pause of less than an hour we weigh anchor and once more resume our course. The weather clears somewhat; we are enabled to see that the soft contours of the Kaffrarian coast still hold their tint of winter brown.

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When the first showers of spring fall, these rounded hills will—almost in the twinkling of an eye—change their sombre hue for one of tender green.

The wind sinks gradually, leaving a faint, opaline haze between us and the surf-beaten shore. As we speed along the eye seizes well-remembered details. To one, at least, of those on board there is hardly a bush-mantled sand-hill among the many we pass around which do not cluster associations. Forty years ago practically all the sheep-farmers of British Kaffraria used to congregate with their flocks behind that row of hillocks during the winter months. A chain of camps, fifty miles long, was thus formed. The season was looked upon as one of holiday. At many of these camps I, a small boy with an active pony, was a welcome guest. To me this is a haunted land, but the haunting spirits are gentle and gracious, if ineffably sad.

We pass the Kei Mouth and speed along the coast of a region which I can remember as Independent Kaffirland, but which is now incorporated with the Cape Province and known as the Native Territories. This also has associations, but of a later date. In the Nineties

I spent six years of strenuous administrative work among its inhabitants. Here dwell approximately a million Natives. During the years I dwelt among them I never locked a door nor bolted a window. On many occasions I went for long periods away from home, leaving my wife and children quite unprotected. The question as to their safety never troubled me.

In these days, when the "Black Peril" figures in so many scare-heads, it may be well to place on record the fact that the annals of these Territories record but one instance of so much as a rudeness being offered by a black man to a European woman. The instance is that of a drunken Pondo Chief who, some twenty years ago, struck the wife of a trader with a sjambok. This happened before the annexation of Pondoland.

Cape Hermes, with its lighthouse, comes into view. Then we pass the mighty gates through which the Umzimvubu River—"the River of the Sea-Cows"—enters the ocean at Port St. John's. From the tall eastern cliff a gazer may watch the enormous sharks lying on the bottom in the middle of the channel, like so many resting torpedoes. Next we see the mouth of

the Umsikaba (an untranslatable word) River, and the enormous Goza Forest, which covers so much of the seaward portion of Eastern Pondo-land. "Goza," or "Gossa," seems to be related to the word "ingozi," or "danger." There is hardly a darkling glade of this broken, densely timbered tract which does not brim with tragic associations.

After the first dispersal of the clans inhabiting what is now Natal, by Tshaka, the remnants of the Xesibè Clan took refuge in the Goza. They lived on game until that became too scarce or too wild to capture. Then they preyed on the Pondo herds, and after these had been driven away to a safe distance, on the Pundos themselves. On dark nights bands of men and women, rendered desperate by hunger, would descend on unprotected villages to slay or capture the inhabitants for the purpose of eating them. The Goza jungles were so dense that it was hardly ever possible to overtake the marauders. Eventually a compromise was reached, in terms of which the cannibals were assigned lands to cultivate and cattle to breed from. Later, when Tshaka—in the course of the last raid of his murderous life; it was in

1828, just before his assassination—harried Pondoland and almost denuded it of cattle, it was in the depths of the Goza that the Pondos themselves had to seek sanctuary.

Beyond the Goza tract the country becomes flat and uninteresting; hardly a tree is visible. We pass Point Grosvenor—so called after the unfortunate East Indiaman which here ran ashore in 1782, and from which but a few survivors, after almost incredible hardships, reached Algoa Bay and safety. The hapless women remained among the Natives, but were never heard of again. An expedition sent by the Dutch Government to search for them, in 1790, failed to discover the slightest trace of the castaways, but found some old European women who were unable to reveal their identity—waifs from some forgotten wreck.

It is still some hours before daybreak when our anchor falls in the Durban roadstead. Over the low Point a multitude of spangling lights are visible; it is as though a swarm of giant fireflies had settled on the dusky Berea. The Bluff, crowned with its wide-eyed Pharos, looms mysteriously through a lens of diaphanous vapour. Whether by night or by day, when

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a haze trails or slumbers against the South African coast it almost invariably suggests that home of lucent wonder and mystery, the opal. Farther north, where fever haunts the seaboard, the haze is dull and murky.

Just at sunrise a spick-and-span, well-appointed tug hurries out to meet us ; its approach suggests a rather impudent fox-terrier trotting up to a mastiff. One may see clearly enough that this is the very latest thing in tugs, that it is thoroughly up to date and bristles with modern improvements. It has two funnels, a shrill-pitched whistle, and generally a good conceit of itself ; one can infer the powerful machinery throbbing in its superior hull. On the bridge is a white man, evidently the commander ; a white-turbaned coolie is at the wheel, and a gang of Natives, with a brand-new hose, are cleaning the deck. Again the black man working under the lordly supervision of the white.

We forge into the harbour, the terrier-tug impertinently shouldering our 8,000-ton mastiff bulk. Soon we are moored to the wharf. Then the gangway falls, and, after satisfying the immigration officer that we are not undesirable aliens, we are free to go ashore.

From the scrap-heap of memory I sort out and arrange what I recollect of my first sojourn in Durban, some thirty-six years ago. I arrived there after a tramp from the north-west of over five hundred miles. I loafed—perforce, for I could get no work to do—along where this wharf now stands, without a shilling in my pocket. I might have remained here until to-day had not the late Mr. Escombe granted me a deck passage (on credit) on that venerable tub, the *Basuto*, to East London.

The tram takes one to the heart of the city through hurrying crowds of men—men of all colours, from blond to black. To the right looms the stately building which civic arrogance considered to be not good enough for purposes of a Town Hall; to the left stands the Cyclopean pile in which civic dignity now splendidly preens itself. The older building has been acquired by the Union Government, and is being turned into a post office; it is at present in the hands of contractors, and swarms with workmen. Its stone tower, weathered to a becoming duskiness, seems to regard with sombre disdain the ornate bulk of its arrogant supplanter.

The face of the new edifice looks down on a trim square from among the shrubbery of which arises the statue of some celebrity ; I have not the curiosity to ascertain who. The square is flanked by rows of taxis and rickshas. From here the streets branch off between rows of stately shops. Business, shrewdly devised achievement, commercial success—all seem to pulse through the air and throb from the ground. I wander on and meet, face to face, a man I used to know years ago. He is, he tells me, engaged in the whaling business, and is doing well. This morning, from our moorings, we could see several whales being flenched on the Bluff shore. A loafer cringes up and begs for a shilling. Reminiscent of other days, I give him the coin—albeit well knowing that within five minutes it will chink in the till of the nearest “ pub.”

A short stroll brings one to the Durban Club, a plethoric building looking stolidly across the Bay ; it seems to exude superfluous prosperity from every pore. Several pousy-looking, elderly men are sitting in easy chairs in the reading-room, each pretending to be absorbed in a newspaper. They glance up at me with that

air of subdued fury which Carlyle cited as being specially the attribute of the British aristocracy, but which I think is rather more characteristic of the elderly clubman when the advent of a stranger disturbs his digestion. These men look too well-fed, and most confoundedly bored with themselves and everything else. I should say they are bankrupt of interest in all but the food, liquor, and cigars they consume, and the share list.

The streets are full of ricksha men, Kaffirs all; they are dressed in barbaric finery. It is in their head-dresses that they give fullest rein to their fancy. Anything brilliant or gaudy seems to them suitable as a decoration. Among other items I noticed small mirrors, feathers, artificial flowers, and Christmas cards. Many of them have the horns of oxen arising above their ears, from a circlet; to the latter are attached bright-coloured ribbons which nod and stream. The men look sleek and well fed; their legs are very muscular, but are developed at the expense of their arms, which are usually thin. I am told that, like their prototypes of Japan, these men are apt to wear out and fall into a decline after a few years spent in the streets. It seems that

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the strain which their calling imposes on the lungs and heart is too great.

There are, it appears, some seventeen hundred men engaged in the ricksha trade at Durban. They have a guild or association of their own, which fixes the rate at which passengers are carried. Barracks have been built for their accommodation by the municipal authorities. These ricksha men are an interesting lot. The keen competition has made them extraordinarily alert; they swoop down on a possible fare like harbour gulls on a piece of meat thrown overboard.

It is somewhat late when I return to the ship. The night is chill. Under a lamp-post on the wharf stands a ricksha. Curled up in it, and wrapped in a thin, dark-coloured cotton rug, is the ricksha-man, fast asleep. Through parted lips his white teeth gleam; from his head extend two ox-horns of exceptional length. This gives him a most satanic look; one might almost imagine him to be an attendant on the otherside bank of the Styx, waiting for the arrival of Charon's ferryboat—on the chance of picking up some belated and Phlegethon-bound soul as a fare.

CHAPTER II

Delagoa Bay—Old and new Lourenco Marques—A grave—
Business developments—Strange taxation—Iniquitous con-
cessions—A memory of 1874

DELAGOA BAY. What memories of days long sped that name evokes! As we steam past Inyak Island, that portion of the shore of the Bay on which the town of Lourenco Marques stands is as yet invisible. Anon it simmers up through the haze of drab which broods over the brown water. A cool, north-easterly breeze streams over the starboard quarter. Soon the long ridge which ends in the red cliffs of Reuben Point becomes salient. It is thickly covered with houses; the jungle with which it was covered thirty-eight years ago has disappeared. When last I saw this ridge it contained not a single house.

In my head a rhyme keeps jingling; it is a verse of the "Camp Song" we used to irrever-

ently sing to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" at Pilgrim's Rest in the old days :

Here's our jolly parson,
Working night and day,
For to build a dead-house
For the boys from Delago' Bay.

Even now, after all these years, I can hardly approach the town without shuddering. In the early Seventies it was a frightful death-trap. One season, out of thirty-five men who tramped hither from Pilgrim's Rest in search of adventure, twenty-seven died. My "mate," a man I loved more than a brother, lies buried yonder, somewhere among the crowded villas. I wonder shall I be able to find his grave.

On we glide through the discoloured water to the wharf. In old days the rare and occasional ships—usually disreputable schooners, not above shipping a cargo of slaves—used to anchor far out in the channel, near the Catembè side. Any cargo they might happen to have was discharged into boats. When the latter had grounded in about two feet of water, the packages would be carried ashore by Natives. But I find that the the whole foreshore has been reclaimed ; land has superseded water for, I should say, two



RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, LOURENÇO MARQUES.

hundred yards along the whole frontage of the town.

When last I saw Lourenco Marques it was just a collection of ancient, flat-topped hovels on a sand-spit. The spit was shaped like a half-moon, the straight side of which faced the Bay. The curve was bounded by a wall, from which poles, bearing human heads, protruded here and there. These were the heads of Natives slain at the last of the attacks on the town, which were then fairly frequent. Outside the wall lay a foetid swamp which continually smelt to heaven, although it suggested another place. The swamp was crossed by a causeway.

To-day the sand-pit has disappeared, while the swamp has been filled in ; it is now covered by a spacious market-square and a wide, macadamised esplanade—named after the recently born Republic. The western end is crossed by golf links. It is hard to believe that this spacious plain, showing everywhere signs of life and progress, was once the filthy, fever-breeding morass of the early Seventies, which the few survivors of the band of adventurers from Pilgrim's Rest had such bitter cause to remember and dread.

“ Full fathom five ” the fever-fiend lies, under shackles of concrete and macadam. He had no bones of which coral could be made, but was greedy of the bones of others. Such a sea change has taken place around his prison that hardly any of its detail is recognisable. As I stroll through the narrow, renovated streets, among the hurrying throng of many breeds, I seem to see the shadowy forms of friends long dead mixing with the living. These were the men of strong hearts and mighty thews, whose lives were devoured by the fiend who now lies chained in his concrete pit. Why am I alive and quick—probably the only one left out of that band of the reckless and the hot-headed ?

Yes, the town is quite unrecognisable ; not a single house can I identify with any degree of certainty. What I take to be the site of the old square that lay in the middle of the town, and was sown with great heaps of sand, is now a trimmed and garnished public promenade, with a band-stand and many kiosks. The surrounding houses form a queer jumble ; old and new jostle each other and look mutually inconvenienced. From the backyard of a one-storied building in the Indian quarter arise the

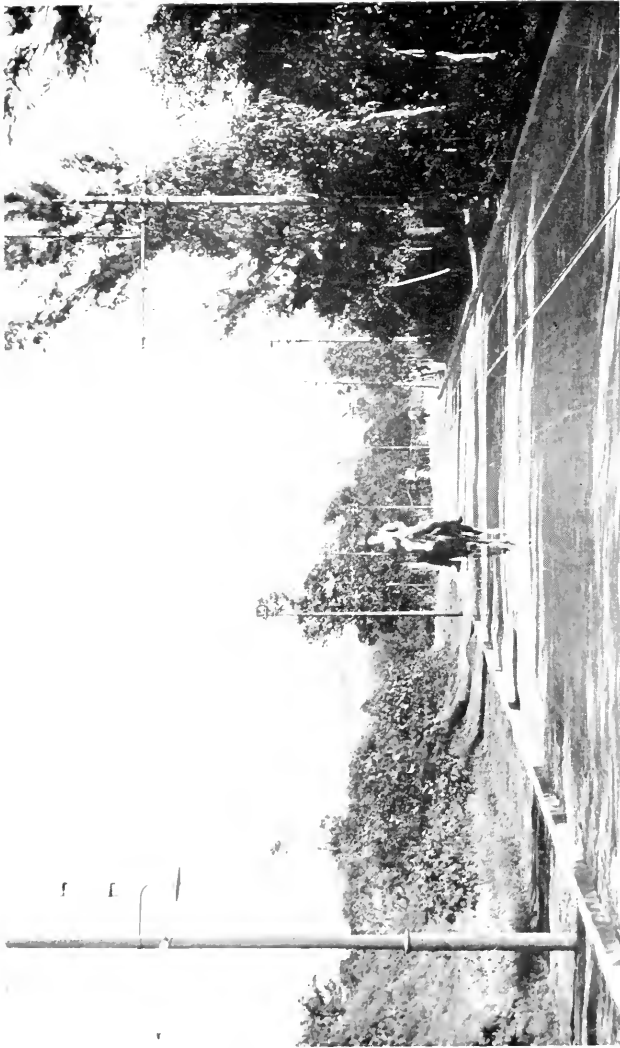
lace-like contours of a temple; its architecture, so far as one can see, is really beautiful; it gleams alabaster-white. But the foundation lines bear no relation to those of the surrounding streets, and the contrast between its airy grace and the gross, sullen, red-tiled squalor huddled around, is painful. So far as one can see there is no entrance to the temple except through one or other of the shops that ring it about. One wonders what rites are practised therein; whether the precautions to ensure absolute privacy are devised to hide the unspeakable ritual of one of those Eastern Nature-cults which has shed, in its passage down the ages, all it ever possessed of what we term morality.

Here is a venerable structure, probably dating from the eighteenth century; the tiles, the pitch of the roof, the thickness of the walls, all suggest an architecture no longer practised. Next to it stands a tall, jerry-built modern structure with a double verandah and green-shuttered windows. On the adjoining site grovels a tattered iron shack knocked together in the bad, mad, railway-construction days. Its disreputable contours unmistakably suggest

the blackguardism which reigned here in the later Eighties.

It is Saturday night, and the brightly lit streets are filled with as motley a throng as one would see anywhere on earth. Accompanied by a troop of ghosts I stroll aimlessly hither and thither. The kiosks are full; so are the bars. In most of the latter reigns the inevitable barmaid, looking as though she had just arrived from Piccadilly Circus in a bandbox. She has yellow hair—of the tint generally affected by those of her profession; she leans across the counter simpering at her attendant swains; ever and anon her raucous laugh fills the narrow street and ascends towards the impassive stars between the rows of beetling houses. At the street corner stands a Portuguese policeman, robed and cowled like a monk; he suggests a familiar of that Inquisition, the last traces of which disappeared with the Braganzas. If you speak to him he answers civilly. He does not understand your question, nor you his reply, but his courtesy is patent. The strolling crowd is almost wholly composed of men. By day or by night it is but rarely one sees women abroad.

The moon is full; the night is calm and clear.



AVENIDA MIGUEL BOMBARDA, LOURENÇO MARQUES.

I will take a stroll towards the eastern end of the town, where the houses look as though people lived in them. But the streets here are absolutely deserted ; hardly a window is lit. The silence and solitude are uncanny. The scene is beautiful, for the rich, dark-hued, tropical vegetation contrasts effectively with the white walls ; over all is the glamour of the moonshine.

On and on my feet lead me. I turn to the left and come face to face with the old fortress, crowned with its picturesque Saracenic castellation. One of the sentries guarding it speaks a little English. From him I learn that the building is now used as a magazine. With the sentry's permission I approach the flight of steep, worn steps down which I long, long ago helped to carry the dead body of my friend, who passed away within these walls.

Back through the deserted eastern streets I wander. They are still silent and deserted. Surely there must be young men and maidens in this town of jostling extremes.

Why is it that no tingling guitar sounds from beneath any of those balconies ? Do the Portuguese no longer fall in love, or did sentiment depart with Royalism ?

Next morning I cross the reclaimed swamp on a pilgrimage to the villa-covered ridge, up and down which the hurrying tram-cars rumble, but which I remember as a jungle with a very occasional clearing. I am seeking a grave—the grave of my friend. Strange to relate, I am able to find its site—that is to say, approximately. It lies midway between a grove of cocoa-nut palms and an old forest tree. We tried to dig the grave close to the foot of the tree, but the matted roots were in the way, so we dug it a few yards off—nearer to the palms. Needless to say all traces of the mound have disappeared; nevertheless, I am quite certain, within at most a couple of yards, of the spot.

The palms have markedly increased in size, but the old tree, which was doubtless mature when Vasco da Gama dropped anchor in the Bay, over four hundred years ago, does not seem to have altered so much as a twig since that day, eight-and-thirty years ago, when my tears fell fast on its roots. It seems strange that this spot is the only one I have been able to identify with certainty. But after all, a grave is among the most permanent of works executed by human hands.



THE GRAVE OF MY FRIEND (1874).

A herd of mules and donkeys, in charge of a small Native, are grazing near the spot. A call sounds from a cottage near, and the boy drives the animals down over the very site of the grave. The words of Omar come to my mind :

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamschild gloried and drank deep ;
And Bahram, that great hunter, the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but may not break his sleep.

My friend was a great hunter, and it was his passion for shooting that led him to his death.

The Delagoa Directory, published by Messrs. A. W. Bayly & Co., is a useful book. It is published at the emporium of the firm, which ornaments a corner of the Praca Mousinho d'Albuquerque, which is local Portuguese for the square where the perky kiosks tempt the thirsty with refreshment and an excellent band discourses cosmopolitan music on certain nights each week. Mr. Bayly, the genial editor of the *Lourenco Marques Guardian*, is a mine of information, and his *Directory* is a lode that repays working. From it you will learn, *inter alia*, that the town supports thirty-six bond stores, twenty-seven commission agents, thirty-six agencies of

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fire and marine insurance companies, twenty-six steamship agencies, four banks, and seven clubs. These particulars show what an immense development of business has taken place on the pestilential sand-spit of but a few years back.

You will also learn from the well-informed Bayly that the machinery of government is unwieldy and cumbersome—there appear to be no less than nine-and-thirty administrative departments, some of which are subdivided—and that not only is taxation heavy, but its incidence is complicated in the extreme. For instance, there is a general *ad valorem* duty of 3 per cent. ; this sounds reasonable enough, but there is besides a municipal impost—something like the French octroi—of 5 per cent. chargeable on this. So far so good, but there is more to come. A “commercial contribution” of 3 per cent. is also levied, together with a further “municipal contribution” of 50 per cent. on the latter. Then there are light dues, stamp dues, and other dues. The amount of the latter is not stated ; probably the severity of their assessment depends on whether or not some official’s wife requires a new hat. But these taxes are only formidable to the foreigner ; for



RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH CONSUL, LOURENÇO MARQUES.

importers of Portuguese or nationalised goods enjoy a rebate of 90 per cent.

Mr. Bayly did not strike me as posing as a humorist, so one must, I suppose, take the following paragraph from the *Directory* seriously :

“A notice outside a store, a concert programme or ticket, a placard on a wall—all require franking and stamping. One remarkable anomaly is that in calculating the stamps necessary on tickets of admission to entertainments, the Treasury official has to take into account the month of the year and the nationality of the impresario.”

It would be difficult to parallel this absurdity even in a pantomime. Again :

“Prior to opening business, account books have to be deposited in the Revenue Office for stamping and initialling, the latter work being performed by the judge personally on each page.”

The stamping of such books costs from 100 to 300 reis per page, according to size, and the judge gets a further fee of 20 reis for “rubricating” each page. These fees, although heavy, are not so crushing as might be inferred, for the value of the rei is not great. To be precise, a

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hundred of them are worth, in the aggregate, tenpence.

The licences required for carrying on trades and professions are very strangely graded, but the taxation net is so comprehensive that few can slip through its narrow meshes. A doctor, an editor, or a notary has to pay the equivalent of £4 10s. for a licence ; so has a person carrying on any trade or calling whatever which is not mentioned in the schedule. Accordingly, a tinker, a bootblack, and a cobbler require to pay licence duty at the same rate as those belonging to the learned professions. For a bar or kiosk a licence fee equal to £60 per annum has to be paid ; but if a barmaid be employed, the licence costs £100. Licences are also required for what the *Directory* euphemistically terms “other establishments”—temples of an ancient cult, of which Lourenco Marques has no lack. Such cost £16 in the town and £20 in the suburbs. Over and above the scheduled cost of all these licences hangs a menacing clause which provides that “extra fees” for “stamps and emoluments” have to be paid in every case.

Lourenco Marques swarms with government officials ; it is apparently in the strangling coils



THE OLD BATTERY, LOURENÇO MARQUES.

of a bureaucracy which is mainly parasitic and largely useless. One can easily infer from local conditions how it is that Portuguese Colonies do not profit Portugal. The home taxpayer meets the bill in the case of a deficiency, but any profit that may accrue is absorbed by the limpet-horde of officials who, when awake and not engaged in taxing the foreigner, are busily employed in helping each other to do nothing—in the most circumlocutory manner possible.

The administration of justice appears to be so unsatisfactory that people, as a rule, put up with considerable loss rather than go to law.

The cost of living at Lourenco Marques is considerable. One principal cause of this lies in the iniquitous concessions granted by the authorities. Such cover water-supply, electric lighting, tram services, and telephones. Concessions in respect of these various services were in the first instance granted to three Portuguese and one Frenchman, but all were acquired by a British Company, "The Delagoa Bay Developing Syndicate." What this syndicate "develops" it would be difficult to find out, but it certainly knows how to charge exorbitantly for what it supplies. It has fixed the price of lighting

50 THE RIDGE OF WHITE WATERS

electricity at 2s. 3d. per unit to the general public, while government departments and government officials pay only 2½d. In regard to water the same principle—or rather want of principle—applies. The ordinary consumer pays 400 reis per cubic centimetre, and the privileged ones only 100 reis. The tram charges are excessive in the extreme, and the tram-conductor in addition makes a trifle for himself out of strangers by reckoning a shilling to be worth a hundred instead of a hundred and twenty reis, and giving change accordingly. The telephone service is, I am told, so badly managed as to be of but little practical use.

I mounted many trams and spent many reis in traversing the Berea, endeavouring to identify spots known to me in the old days. From many points of the tramway periphery I strolled outwards, away from the town. The objective of such excursions was the site of the old Filibuster Camp of 1874—the spot where the Commando of Uitlanders, sent by President Burgers to convoy ammunition for a projected attack on Seccoeni, the Baphedi Chief, “gloried and drank deep” after it had retired from the town before an ultimatum from the Governor. For some

days previously we had been painting the sand-spit a very vivid red. I was the boy of the party, and can truthfully say that I was the only sober one under Major McDonald's command.

But I could not find the spot ; the jungle had been cleared away, and those hoary trees, whose branches must have shuddered as the blast of our revelry smote them, had disappeared even more completely than the revellers, for was not one of the latter surviving in my own person ? Even a fragment of the heel of one of the rum-bottles emptied in the course of that Berserk carouse would have been cherished as a precious relic.

CHAPTER III

The Low Country—Komati Poort—Old hunting grounds—The Crocodile River—Reminiscence of a rhinoceros—The desert and the sown—Waterval Boven—Pretoria—Paul Kruger—Approach to Johannesburg—The dumps—The Rand Club—Street traffic—The Johannesburg shops—The Art Gallery—The Country Club

THE train for the Transvaal starts from Lourenco Marques early in the morning. Whatever else has changed with the changing years the typical Low Country winter weather appears to have remained unaltered. This half-sultry haze, so characteristic of the wide stretch between the foot-hills of the Drakensberg and the sea, the product of the mild, gentle wind streaming over the Indian Ocean from the north-east—how well I remember it! How often have I strained my eyes from the north-western mountain summits, vainly endeavouring to unravel the mysteries it then shrouded!

We pass Ressano Garcia and other sonorously named tin villages and rumble through the

brown ridges of the Lebomba Range, which is very low just here. Thence to Komati Poort, where I mean to spend the night, for I purpose going on by the goods train to-morrow morning. Otherwise I should miss seeing the theatre of some interesting experiences in the year 1875, for the passenger train goes over most of its course through the Crocodile River Valley in the darkness.

Next morning the goods train duly arrives. I am fortunate enough to find attached to it the medical officer's coach; the kindly medico offers me a seat therein, which I gladly accept. The coach, which forms the tail of the train, waggles consumedly—but what of that? To me this journey is of the most vivid interest. Except that it appears to be somewhat arid, the landscape is the same as it was in those dimming years which it is at once a sadness and a pleasure to recall. The timber has not been thinned out; except for the rail-track the hand of man has here left no defacing sign. The only thing I miss is the game; just about here it used to be especially plentiful. But there stand the thickets of gnarled, grey-stemmed deciduous trees, their twigs putting forth the first tender leafage of

spring. There stands a grove of another character. The trees have tall, straight stems, which are heavily groined; the bark is stained a vivid and continuous yellow. This peculiarity is due to the presence of some lichen; probably a *Parmelia*. In the old days we used to think the colour was due to fever, and would carefully avoid either sleeping near such groves or passing under the boughs before the sun had drunk up the dew-fall.

Not very far from here I lost my way in an exceptionally dense haze. I had wounded a buffalo, and followed for hours on its spoor. Suddenly I found that I did not know where I was. I had no water, having left the camp in a hurry when the presence of the herd of buffalo was reported. That night I slept in a tree, with the lions prowling beneath throughout the long night. I had only three cartridges left. My sleep was taken in snatches, for I was pursued by ants from bough to bough.

Away to the right, in the dim distance, I can see Pretorius Kop and the Ship Mountain. Between these was one of my favourite camping-places. To-day they are included in the Sabi Game Reserve, wherein none may trespass

without incurring grievous penalties. The Selati Railway, now being constructed, runs through the Reserve. It is said that the lions, owing to their not being shot down, have become embarrassingly fearless of man in the vicinity of the construction camps.

To the left springs that range of naked, granite hills beyond which the Kaap Valley lies. In the old days I have laid more than one noble koodoo low in the kloofs lying between those rocky ridges. The country then was not so arid ; in that broken region several small springs of water were to be found and dense strips of forest ramified between the naked rock-areas, in whose deep clefts many lions laired. But the country lying between this range and Pretorius Kop was quite waterless. I can recall various weary tramps undertaken with one or other of the fountains I had discovered as its objective. Many a night have I lain under the stars among these valleys, and gone to sleep with the roaring of lions echoing round me from ledge to ledge, leaving my Native boys to tend the fire, turn about. Little then did I dream that I should one day spin past these granite masses behind a snorting locomotive.

At Hectorspruit is to be seen the first indication that the country is becoming productive. On the platform lie a number of boxes filled with tomatoes destined for the all-consuming maw of Johannesburg. Beside the pile stands a tall, bronzed man in shirt sleeves. His farm, he tells me, lies "over there"—pointing to the granite range. He has no family, no neighbours. He grows a little fruit and breeds cattle. Mules will live in the neighbourhood, but not horses. Yes—an occasional lion strays out of the Sabi Game Reserve and takes up its quarters in one or other of the gorges; last year he shot one. Reedbuck and an occasional koodoo are still to be found. His homestead stands near a small fountain; no doubt one of those in whose vicinity I used to camp. On the whole this man's life must be well worth the living. Better, far, his freedom than the cramping existence of those cooped up in the sordid environment of the average South African town.

The line runs almost parallel with the course of the Crocodile River. The water is rarely visible, but its bed is well defined by the more luxuriant growth of timber and the deeper green of the foliage. The ground begins to swell into

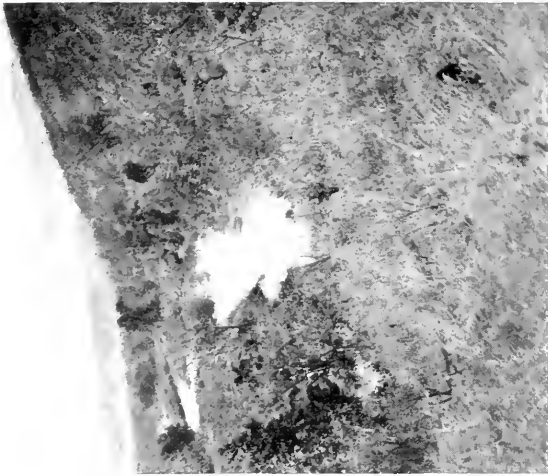
undulations on the right, thus cutting off the view of the interminable, lightly-jungled plains lying to north and east. We now approach the steep-sided valley which the river has carved for itself through the first plateau leading to the foot-hills of the Drakensberg.

Usually, when one looks back, the things recalled become magnified. Here, however, I find the reverse to be the case; I had no idea that the country lying between the Lebomba and the inland range was so immense in extent. The much-matured legs of to-day wonder reminiscently at the prowess of those of youth. Is it possible that I used to wander light-heartedly from bound to bound of this great tract, undertaking long campaigns with no more baggage than a water-bottle, a cartridge-belt, and a tobacco-pouch?

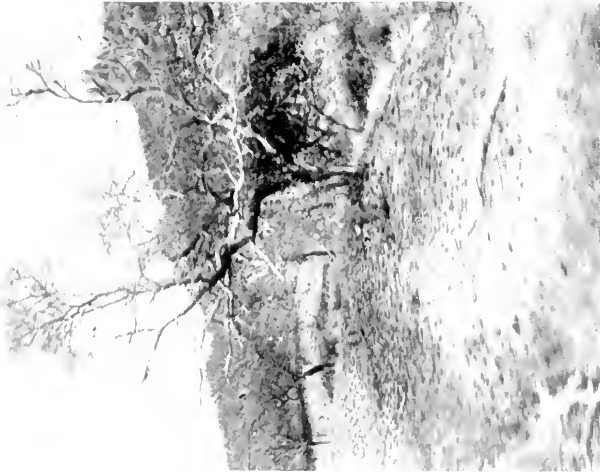
At Kaapmuiden the kind doctor and his waggly coach remain, so I have to take up my quarters in a truck. Fortunately, it is one of those designed to convey "perishables." The Hectorspruit tomatoes fill one end; I, a "perishable" of a different kind, the other. The doctor has added to my debt of gratitude by lending me a comfortable cane arm-chair. In

this I sit, watching the scenes of my old wanderings as they open out in changing panorama on either hand. The mild, mitigated sunshine floods the world, the wind sighs gently down the valley, and I make futile and pathetic efforts to recreate my vanished youth.

At last I am enabled to recognise the spot I have been especially seeking; it lies among those domed hillocks of granite a short distance down the river from the Alkmaar Station. It is the site of my old camp; the place where, in April 1875, I was held up by the flooded river, and where I got fever. I have told the story elsewhere, so will not repeat it. How well I remember those crowded hours—the building of the raft, the gruesome business of swimming through the crocodile-infested reach, the great black rhinoceros which came and sniffed at the little patrol tent in the early morning, and the other huge brute which, much to my embarrassment, I came face to face with when stalking some reedbuck. On that occasion I was creeping round the base of the kopje at the foot of which the Nelspruit Station stands to-day, and suddenly found myself within thirty yards of the creature—“plunged in prehistoric thought.”



SCENERY IN THE ELANDS SPRUIT VALLEY.



TYPICAL LANDSCAPE IN THE LOW COUNTRY,
NEAR HECTORSPRUIT.

It was on the actual spot where the station is built that that armour-plated anachronism stood in its mood of vicious stupidity on that long-past April day. I wonder where the creature's ungainly bones are lying, and to whose rifle they fell.

On we speed, the mountains on either side growing from pygmies to giants; the river foaming down its deepening gorge, which is strewn with Titanic boulders. We leave the valley of the Crocodile, and enter that of Eland's Spruit. Here is a country which should be magnificently productive. It is a land goodly to the eye and full of rich promise; hot, no doubt, in summer, but probably not unhealthy. Here lie wide, arable plains just beginning to fall under servitude of the plough. Farm-houses and fruit-orchards grow frequent; pineapple plantations and cornfields mark the growing dominance of the husbandman. Around it all, in the mellowing distance, the soft-contoured mountains dream in the golden, cloudless atmosphere.

Yes—the desert has given place to the sown, and my dream of other days has folded its wings and melted into that filmy haze which eternally

broods over the wooded plains of the Low Country.

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We reach Waterval Onder just at sunset, and then commence ascending by that complicated system of loops and curves with which engineering skill has conquered the steep and frowning Drakensberg. Here the course strongly suggests that leading up to the St. Gothard Tunnel from the Swiss side. Darkness falls before we reach the top. The view down the tremendous gorge from which we have emerged is almost terrible in its Titanic grandeur and gloom.

The air at Waterval Boven strikes chill after that of the Low Country. We have to wait several hours at the station for the arrival of the passenger train. Here I met with the only trace of incivility experienced during the whole course of my trip. The small waiting-room was occupied by a woman and a young baby. The woman was unwell, so her husband made her up a sort of bed on the floor. Naturally I had to leave the apartment for the use of this family. My clothing was thin, and the wind turned more and more chilly. There was a large and

well-lighted office close by, with any amount of available room. I asked permission to stand in the room near the door, but was met by a churlish refusal. The man guilty of this quite gratuitous unkindness was not the station-master, but the inspector. After some time another officer entered and opened a door at the opposite end of the same room. He very kindly invited me to enter, and I most gratefully accepted his invitation.

Anon the labouring engine, with its load of heavy passenger coaches, struggles up the steep incline and pantingly enters the station-area. It is indeed a comforting experience to be able to take possession of a warm, well-lit compartment, and to sink to rest after the fatigues of a long and exciting day, as the train again starts and hurries westward through the darkness.

The air of spring is chill in the early morning as we gaze, from the platform of the hurrying train, over the arid upland plains of the Eastern Transvaal. Arid, indeed, they are ; bleak, also, and almost forbidding in their monotony under the growing light of day, for the chill winds of September have killed what little verdure happened to survive the winter.

On we hurry, flinging the dun-coloured miles behind us, forty to the hour. Anon the brown, stone-crested ridges between which Pretoria lies—as though in a trough of the sea—surge up in our course. Cunningly we thread our way among these. Then, within a few exciting seconds, the capital of the Transvaal opens out before us. For some hundreds of yards before we reach the station the ground on each side of the line is cumbered with almost incredible masses of scrapped iron-work.

My first recollections of Pretoria date from the early Seventies. It was then a widely-scattered hamlet, every street, garden, and building-lot of which appeared to be fenced with bushes of the pink monthly rose. At each side of every broad thoroughfare was an open furrow, along which crystal-clear water lilted and gleamed. Not far beyond the limits of the amphitheatre of hills in which the scattered town lay, wild game of many varieties roamed in vast herds. I recollect seeing a wagon standing on the market-square, on the tilt of which the fresh skin of a large, black-maned lion was spread out to dry. In those days President Burghers—a man whose high gifts only unfitted

him for the duties of adequately ruling his Calvinistic subjects—held sway. At that halcyon period South Africa had no politics—nor did it contain a millionaire or a motor car. Every one was ridiculously poor, but was happily unaware of it.

The city is, for South Africa, immense in extent. Streets stretch out like tentacles around the bases of the hills; houses are springing up far and near. The erven, or building-lots, are large, the soil is fertile, and there is a plentiful water-supply. Consequently, almost every house, except those quite new, has a garden.

At the centre of the town is the Church Square. Across the latter the two large piles of Public Buildings—the one-time Raadzaal or Hall of Parliament—and that in which the Public Departments are temporarily housed, gaze disconsolately at each other. They seem to realise that their day is done—that the lordly pile, the livid beginnings of which are visible on the height overlooking the city from the north, will soon supersede them. In the square itself a big work is in progress. A terraced pleasaunce is here being created at a cost of some £16,000.

Down the street leading westward from the

square stands the house in which Paul Kruger lived. The stone lions still guard the stoep on which the old ruler used to sit, with pipe and coffee-cup, expounding to all and sundry his forceful, homespun philosophy. A lot of history has been made on that stoep. If those stone lions could speak, they might tell of things worth the hearing. In the days before the war, what gatherings have there not been around the arm-chair of that rugged, masterful man amongst men? Countesses and concession-hunters, soldiers and diplomatists, globe-trotters with patent sedatives to still the gathering storm, and flatterers as false as Judas. To this shrine came many a pilgrim from the "Back-Veld"—old hunters clad in veldschoens and game-skin breeches, who honoured the "Herr President" only less than the Lord Almighty himself. And in the circle of wagging tongues sat the old man, immovable from his purpose as a rock amid the lapping waves. It took an earthquake to bring him down. There are few, whatever their political opinions may be, who can pass that house without their heart-beats quickening.

The groves of Pretoria echo with the wails of the civil servants transferred here to furnish



PUBLIC OFFICES, PRETORIA.

the administrative skull of the South African Union with the requisite brains. The difficulty of obtaining house-accommodation is their principal grievance. This matter, however, will soon be adjusted. From the rate at which buildings are being erected, I should say that houses will before long be a drug in the market.

Government House, one of Mr. Herbert Baker's most lordly creations, stands on the eastern spur of the ridge on which the new Public Offices are being built. Lord Gladstone is away in the far north, and Sir George and Lady Murray are in residence. Sir George has come to South Africa to endeavour to adjust the financial relations between the various States forming the Union. The house, which is surrounded by beautiful grounds, stands on the top of the ridge, and commands a wide view northward. From its stoep I can trace the ribbon of road along which I journeyed in an ox-wagon nearly forty years ago, when the first gold discoveries drew the adventurous northward like a magnet.

The Johannesburg train glides up the long valley leading to the high plateau on the other side of which Witwatersrand, "The Ridge of the

White Waters," lies. At the base of many a stony kopje on either side of our course may be seen the circular enclosures of stone marking the sites of once-populous villages. These kopjes once ran red with blood, for the inhabitants of the one-time villages were wiped out of existence, in the second decade of the nineteenth century, by the Mantatees—the warriors forming the horde of that female Attila, Ma 'Ntatisi, chieftainess of the Bathlokua, who were driven from their country near the source of the Vaal River during the first blast of that storm raised by Tshaka, the Zulu king. So ferocious was this horde that it came to be known among such Bantu tribes as survived as the "Amadhlongwe," or "those who rage like mad dogs."

Bleak and dreary the upland plains lie in the chilled sunshine. One might almost think that rain had not fallen for years, so parched is the vegetation. Miles away, ahead, several snow-white eminences appear above the undulating horizon; they strongly resemble those Alpine summits one sees when approaching Switzerland from the north—only that here it is plains, not mountains that intervene. These, I am told, are the mining "dumps"—heaped detritus



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PRETORIA— WITH SIR GEORGE
AND LADY MURRAY.

which has passed through stamp-mill and cyanide tank, leaving behind the gold with which it was impregnated.

In this relation I am reminded of a story. It is said that a few years ago a successful mine-owner and his wife were on their way to Switzerland, in the course of a grand tour. When the white peaks of the Alps loomed up the lady said to her husband :

“ Ach, Jacob ! look at the beautiful dumps. Don't they remind you of home ? ”

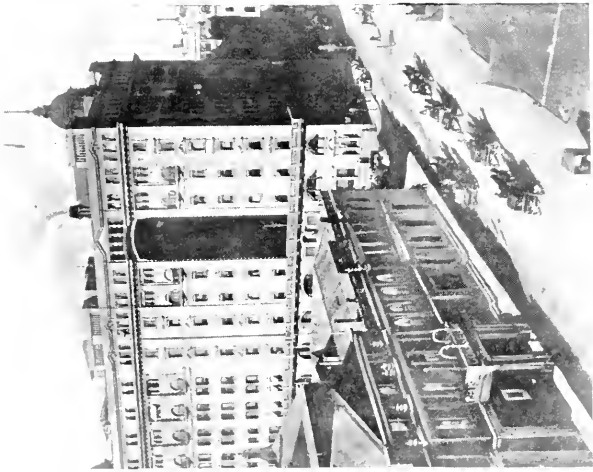
A greyish-brown haze gradually grows ahead and to our right. This is the reek from the furnaces, rendered heavy and clinging by the dew-fall of last night. Anon the tall, black smoke-stacks arise, each sending forth its dark-brown serpent, which writhes into the general cloud. Dump after dump looms ghostly through the vapour, every one with its smoke-stack and soaring head-gear, the latter surmounted by a pair of large wheels. Ever and anon these whirl, the units of each pair taking opposite directions, as one “ skep ” is wound up, full of ore, and the other sinks back empty to the depths.

We are now on one of the fringes of the famed

Rand, which is perhaps, in some respects, the most feverish centre of physical energy in the world.

The shanties—one could hardly call them houses—are more and more thickly sown on either side of the track along which we speed. Here and there the livid iron structures crowd together into an unlovely village, huddled among the dumps, smoke-stacks, and head-gears. How smothering the dust from these dumps must be when the wind is strong—as it often must be on this high watershed. As we advance the houses become more and more crowded, but the mass is leavened by improved architecture and plantations.

Masses of scrapped iron-work are much in evidence, expensive machinery worn out and flung aside as carelessly as the disease-raddled bodies of those who but yesterday handled it. Germiston passed, we speed along past mine after mine until Jeppe's Town is reached. Before us, out of a sea of crowded roofs, looms a confusion of sky-scrapers, their hugeness dwarfing everything else within sight. We glide through Doornfontein. Here it would appear as though the rail-track separated the



"THE CORNER HOUSE."

(1) The Fixot upon which South African Industrialism revolves, or
 (2) The Giant within whose baleful shadow South Africa languishes
 (according to one's view-point).



HIGH DUMP, KLEINFONTEIN MINE.

architectural sheep from the goats, for on the right lies a multitude of villas, and on the left a limitless, confused mass of slums and shacks. For a space we sink into a cutting. Soon after emerging from this we slow down and stop at Park Station. We have arrived at the heart of the Golden City; we have entered within the gates of the giant that insolently boasts of having bound the rest of South Africa to its chariot wheels.

A cab takes me to the Rand Club, through streets of stately shops; amid traffic bewildering in its variety and mass. Up and down the tall tram-cars glide—tram-cars which, compared with those to which I have been accustomed, are of Dreadnought dimensions. Along the covered sidewalks a busy throng presses. Early as the hour is, many women, dressed to the top-notch of the latest fashions, are to be seen.

The Rand Club is an immense stone pile, many stories high. Inside it is a nightmare of superfluous ornamentation. Above, the vestibule, on the first floor, the wide landing of which is reached by double stairway—on either section of which men might walk six abreast. The landing is flanked by soaring pillars of imitation

porphyry; these are too crowded, and far too big even for their Cyclopean environment. Corinthian capitals jostle each other on every side. It is an abode for giants, with the details too much crowded together. It is a megalomaniac's dream realised; it is barbaric, Titanic; as exaggerated as the wealth of those magnates who planned it—and fled.

However, the place is comfortable, if somewhat inartistic and very expensive. From my room, to the vicinity of which I soared in a noiseless lift, I can look forth over intersecting lines of streets, all filled with ceaseless and hurrying traffic. Away beyond the limits of the massed roofs the eye can just discern the outlines of dumps, smoke-stacks, and wheel-crowned head-gears. Beneath the vapour-haze that half-shrouds these is the line of the Main Reef—that æon-ancient crack in the earth's surface from between whose now fast-closed lips came the breath that called into being this giant stone mushroom of which I temporarily occupy a cell, and these bewildering rows of mushrooms surrounding it.

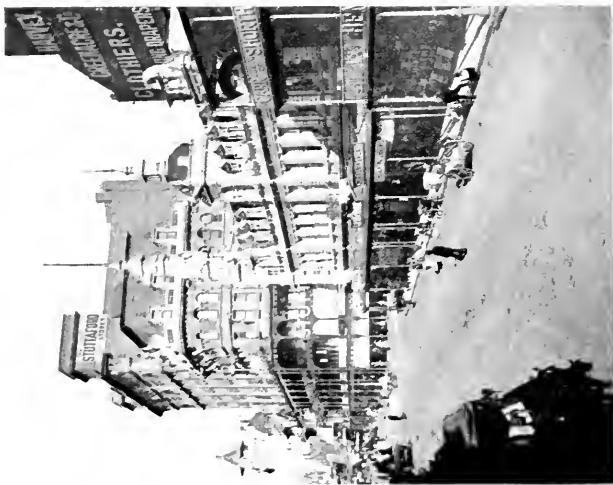
I wander forth down Commissioner Street, past the "Corner House," the Standard Bank,

the Stock Exchange, and many another exaggerated human ant-hill throbbing with energy. It is all a gloomy inferno of stone—a series of linked Babylon-towers of masonry heaped menacingly against the almost obliterated heavens. Around the bases of these mammoth structures hurry the little human creatures who so sedulously worship the capricious god of whom every one of these structures is a shrine. Men rush out of one of these, hurry down the sidewalk, dart across the street and enter another. Vapour-driven cars and coughing motor-cycles speed up and down. A huge automobile glides, hooting furiously, down the street and halts close to where I stand. In it sits a portly man wearing a fur-trimmed overcoat and smoking a big cigar. Arrogance seems to exude from him, to be as evident as the petrol fumes his monstrous car gives off. Surely this must be the much-caricatured Hoggenheimer with whom Mr. Boonzaaier has made us all familiar. Another car halts near me ; in it sit three ladies, swathed in silken wraps and closely veiled. Among the dozens of automobiles that pass within a few seconds, hardly two are of the same type. Only one quality appears to be common to the

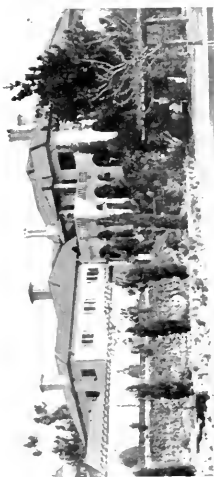
men and the machines—both are in a hurry. To my stimulated fancy these people all seem to be pursuing or pursued—pursuing the ignis fatuus of gold or pursued by the spectre of ruin.

This locality bears the same relationship to the rest of Johannesburg as the "City" bears to London. It is the citadel of wealth and power, the stronghold of that potent half-dozen men who manipulated in millions when the Rand was young. These men and their millions are now no longer here, but they still exercise a certain amount of "control" through their respective lieutenants. The latter still play a kind of chess with each other, in which the various pieces are gold mines, and the counters representing stakes are the interests of outside shareholders. These counters, in the course of the play, often pass from hand to hand, and they tend to lose weight in transit. In the end they tend to become so attenuated as to be almost, if not quite, valueless.

From the shadow of the oppressive skyscrapers I cross the market-square, and wander up and down the ways of commerce. It is necessary to pause and take thought at every crossing, for the traffic is highly dangerous—



KERK STREET, JOHANNESBURG.



ARCADIA, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. LIONEL PHILLIPS.

especially to the pedestrian who happens to be a stranger. Street accidents have become so common at Johannesburg that they are regarded as mere unimportant detail. The motor ambulance, conveying some mutilated victim to hospital, may be frequently met. Trams, automobiles, and miscellaneous vehicles pass to and fro in streams, from which rills break off to flow round corners. Most dangerous of all are the motor-cycles—coughing, fiend-driven contraptions which appear to be restrained by no speed limit. At each of the principal crossings stands a policeman, autocratically swaying the wheeled legions.

The Johannesburg shops are, I should say, among the most attractive in the world. Go into one of the larger, and you might imagine yourself in Regent Street or the Rue de la Paix. If, in search of impressions, you pause and gaze through the doorway of one, you will meet the steady, disdainful regard of some slim-figured, graceful goddess of the counter. Overcome by a sense of subjective unworthiness, you beat a hurried retreat; the scorn of that young woman, were you to attempt to explain that you are merely a humble inquirer into economic con-

ditions, and not a customer for her sumptuous and expensive wares, is not a thing to be lightly faced.

Fright makes you thirsty, so you dash for a tea-shop on the opposite side of the street, narrowly escaping dismemberment on the way. The cup of tea refreshes you, so you stroll farther, wondering why you have been charged sixpence for it, instead of threepence, which is the universal charge elsewhere in South Africa.

Bent on adventure, you stroll on to a less congested locality. A solid-looking building, unpretentious and in excellent architectural taste, looms ahead. It is a feast to the eye after the wild riot of sky-scrapers from which you have recently escaped. This is the building in which is housed the School of Mines. It also is the temporary home of the Johannesburg Art Collection.

Here, among these beautiful creations, one is swung so rapidly from the crass, crude material to the sublimed ideal, that the contrast is almost painful. What is going to be the effect of this oasis of beauty on its environment of undiscerning desert? The collection is an eclectic one—more especially as regards the



THE GREAT PLANTATION, NORTH OF JOHANNESBURG,
AS SEEN FROM PARK TOWN.

French section. Nineteen-twentieths—possibly ninety-nine hundredths—of the Johannesburgers probably do not know Puvis de Chavannes from Pye Chavasse; but what of that? The hundredth lonely soul may occasionally steal to this shrine and reconvince itself of the existence of the eternal verities. The lovely mannerisms of Albert Moore, the strength and tenderness of Rodin, the compelling force of Mancini—from these one's spirit may drink refreshment and revive drooping faith. To Mrs. Lionel Phillips, whose artistic taste and energy laid the foundation of this collection, and to Sir Hugh Lane, who selected most of the works, the respectful gratitude of at least one visitor is tendered.

The contributions of Mr. Van Wouw to the statuary section are most important. There is an infinite pathos in his "President Kruger in Europe." The old, broken man, lying back in his arm-chair, with the great Bible open upon his knees. He is studying the Word of that God he served faithfully according to his lights, and striving, like Job of Uz, to trace the hand of the Lord through the darkness that has fallen on his life. Excellent, too, are the statues of the South African Natives. Perhaps more than in

the case of the others is the figure of the Hunting Bushman full of tense vitality.

We will take the tram and journey to the top of the Parktown Ridge. It is mostly there that the magnates have built their palaces. The tram-line follows more or less the course of the old Pretoria Road, along which I, a boy, journeyed in an ox-wagon in the early Seventies. As you glide to the top a shock of pleasure smites you. From your feet rolls away a woodland expanse, miles in width and stretching almost to infinity. The farther limit is shrouded in a low-lying haze, over which the distant Magaliesberg Range lies clear against the horizon. To our left is a deep valley, also well wooded; among its boskage the white walls of many a villa gleam. We are now on the top of the ridge—the great watershed over six thousand feet above sea-level, but which is approached from the southern side over a slope so gradual, that the height is not realised. The road is cut through that vein which was heaved groaning from the lowest depths of the tortured earth, when the great cataclysm happened that dipped the sea-bottom now known as the Main Reef to its present angle.

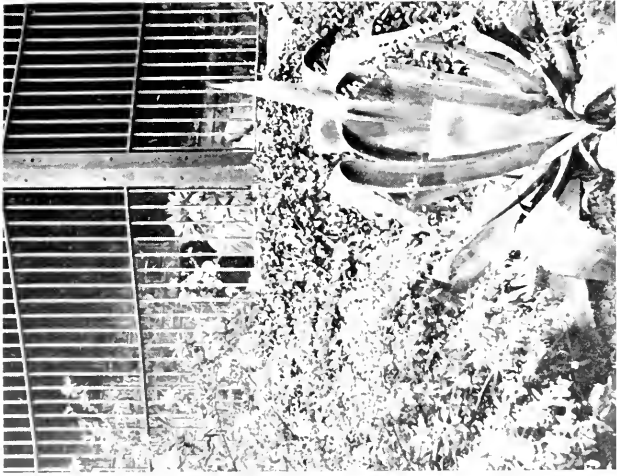


THE COUNTRY CLUB, NEAR JOHANNESBURG.

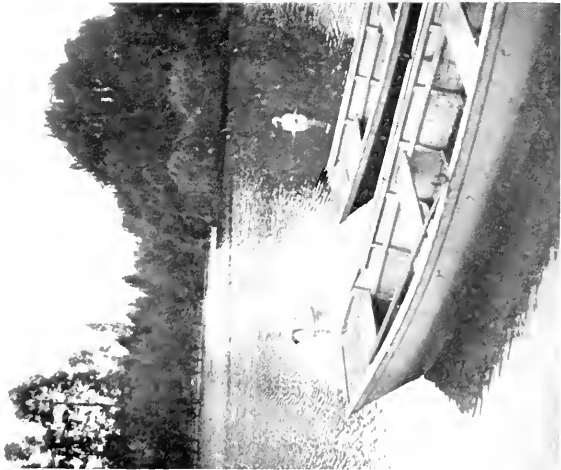
After returning by tram to the vicinity of Braamfontein we will take the Auckland Park car and run down to the bottom of the valley, where lie the beautiful grounds of the Country Club. The lawn on which the Club House stands is almost surrounded by a forest of varied timber; in front of it is a large lake, which is wooded to the margins and peopled by stately swans, both black and white. These, like the swan on still St. Mary's Lake, float double, swan and shadow, on the almost glass-like surface. Wrapped in its swathes of sombre woodland, in which the pine, gum, and willow are in evidence, this lake might be in some forgotten environment where the foot of man seldom treads. Yet within little more than a stone's throw of its quietness—its artful simulation of untouched nature—stands an expensive row of automobiles, waiting for the crowd of highly conventional men and women who have come hither to spend the afternoon in amusement. For this is the playground of Johannesburg's rich and leisured class. Within the ample grounds are golf links, seven tennis courts, swimming baths, croquet lawns, and, in fact, conveniences and appliances for almost every

game and pastime indulged in by civilised man.

The wide stoep of the Club House is crowded with ladies beautifully clad and coiffed ; so are the sitting-rooms. The hum of conversation and the clatter of teacups give that strange phonetic effect noticeable when one is alone in the midst of a crowd of absolute strangers. Every close environment that contains more than a dozen human beings who are accustomed to associate together has a sound and colour of its own—a suggestiveness, a something distinctive which, although quite real, may be elusive. What is here suggested ? what idea emanates from this crowd of many women and few men—the former so gaily and tastefully dressed ? I think it is pseudo-superciliousness. Most of these people were not born to the purple of wealth ; luxury is new to them. They are endeavouring to live up to their wardrobes and their automobiles, and the effort makes them self-conscious. Their superciliousness is a mask.



A MONARCH, DETHRONED AND CAPTIVE IN THE
PARK TOWN ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



LAKE IN GROUNDS OF THE COUNTRY CLUB.

CHAPTER IV

The Golden City—Sky-scrappers—Continued building—Prospects of the mining industry—Expert opinion—Theories as to the occurrence of gold in the banket—Falling-off of the grade—Labour, white and black—Profits on ore milled—Holes as assets

THE size of this Golden City, the mass of this Titanic aggregation of marts and dwellings which has, within a quarter of a century, been piled on what I remember as the lonely, silent Ridge of the White Waters, fills me with something like dismay. Does the strange industry which called this abounding efflorescence of masonry into being promise sufficient duration to warrant such an enormous development? If not, surely the world has never seen such a wastage of energy, such a monument of futility. For when one comes to think of it, the money that paid for by far the larger proportion of these buildings did not come from the Main Reef, nor yet from its one-time so rich "leaders." Rather did it come from the pockets of those

who paid enormous prices for acres of scrip—in many instances not worth the ink used by the directors in signing the share certificates. The men who built Johannesburg are those who bought “Coronation Syndicates” at £3,000, “Sallies” at £9, and—but I will refrain from bringing sad memories to such of my readers as may have been victimised.

It is a somewhat significant circumstance that most of the early Randlords—the great barons of the Nineties—have retired to baronial halls or brand-new palaces in the more favoured portions of southern England, in Park Lane, or on the Continent. It has been pointed out that some of the most expensive piles of masonry existing on the Rand have been erected by those distinguished absentees. Well, if I had sold enough “Coronations” or “Sallies” at the top prices reached by shares in these concerns of gruesome memory, possibly I might, in a fit of expansiveness, have put up a sky-scraper too. When the cuttle-fish wants to escape he throws out a screen of opaque fluid; why should not an escaping magnate—who might in this relation be termed a scuttle-fish—throw up a screen of masonry to cover his retreat?

Assuming it to be true that the money of the pillaged investor—he who grasped the tail of every wild cat within his reach as it dangled from the spoof-tree bough—paid for these and for most other important buildings, how can we account for the fact that now, when the wild cat mews in vain, building is still going on at a really considerable rate? This question I cannot attempt to answer. But experience shows that shrewd business men often take very short views. It is no longer the money of the speculator that is being spent on the Rand—that is to say, the share speculator—it is the money which is the actual produce of the mines—the wages spent by those employed in gold-getting and the subsidiary industries.

This is, of course, more in the nature of legitimate business, but the all-important question to be taken into account is that relating to the probable duration of the reserve of payable ore, for when that declines, so will wages. It is, as I have elsewhere stated, my firm conviction that we are rapidly nearing a period when a large number of mines which now pay dividends will pay such no longer, and when the mines that may still be productive will show a decreased

and decreasing output. I discussed this question with many people—with mine-managers, engineers, magnates, editors, and others. The view I have indicated was held by a large majority of the practical men; with hardly a notable exception such were pessimistic. On the other hand the magnates and editors were optimistic. When I endeavoured to elicit the grounds of the hope that was in them, they babbled o' cheap labour and improved drills that still had to be invented.

It cannot be too strongly urged that the main development of Johannesburg was paid for with money captured from the outside investor, and that no more money from that once generous source is to be looked for; I fancy the most incorrigible optimist will admit this. Johannesburg, as a business community, has for the future to depend solely upon the output of gold, and its continued expansion is based on the assumption that the output is going to increase, or at least maintain its present level. The continued building and the general expansion of commerce is as certainly based upon this assumption as a railway track is based upon the permanent way. It does not require an engineer



THE BATTERY HOUSE, RANDFONTEIN.



WHEEL FOR LIFTING CRUSHED ROCK, WHICH HAS RUN OVER THE BATTERY PLATS, TO THE CYANIDE TANKS, KLEINFONTEIN MINE.

to prove to you that if the permanent way gives out the train using the track will be wrecked.

Sir William Butler—that fiery, fearless, and inconvenient man with the clear-seeing eyes and the trenchant pen—foretold the probability of this serious falling off in the quality of the ore—which so many know of but so few admit—some six years ago. He quotes a statement made by a Mr. Seymour—evidently a clear-sighted man—as far back as 1899 :

“ . . . that the reef at Witwatersrand at certain depths was neither in yield of gold or in working facilities what it had been. The reef is more difficult to work. The yield of the banket is poorer. There is more labour, less profit. It is not from lack of labour alone, as compared with the pre-war days, that the mines have suffered of late. It is that there must be more drilling with less result.”

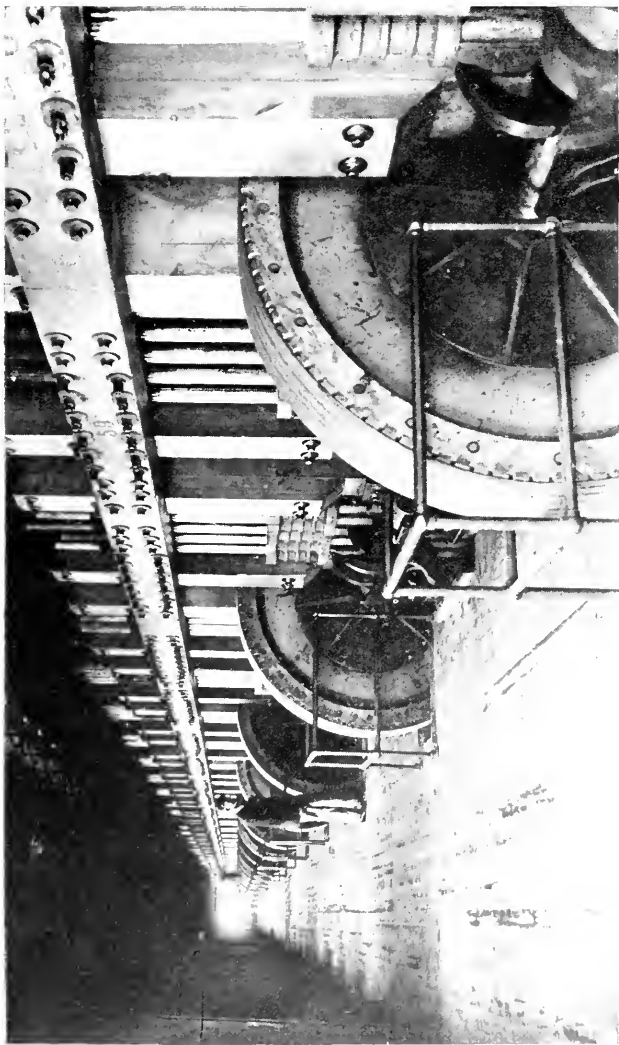
It would, of course, be preposterous on my part to have any opinion upon such a question as this, were it not that the forecast I have ventured to give was practically in accord with the opinions of all but an inconsiderable minority of the practical men with whom I discussed the question. These opinions are not, as a rule,

openly expressed. Engineers and mine-managers live and flourish largely, if not solely, by favour of the "Corner House" and those other tabernacles of finance from which "control" is exercised; and it is hardly to be expected that they will deliberately ruin themselves by indulging in unseasonable outbursts of inconvenient fact. However, occasionally one hears a candid professional opinion voiced. For instance, that of Mr. F. Hellman, a consulting engineer of large experience who spent many years on the Rand. He gave evidence before the Mining Industries Commission of 1907; you will find it on page 1,397, Part IV., of the Minutes of Evidence:

"If you take one of the deep levels, you have your work cut out to reduce working costs to pay interest on the actual hard cash put into the mine. . . ."

On being asked as to whether his opinion referred only to the mines of the East Rand Proprietary Group, or to the Rand generally, Mr. Hellman replied:

"To the Rand generally. I have been allowed to look at mines. I have been around, and I know the condition of the deep levels, and



INSIDE THE BATTERY HOUSE, RANDFONTEIN.

I can say generally, without disclosing anything unjustifiable, that you have got a falling grade in depth; and it is most natural it should be so. You could expect it from the start from the methods of deposition—in depths any mine gets poor. That is the history of every gold mine in the world. . . . I do not know a solitary exception.”

This evidence was taken *in camera*, but was subsequently published.

Two theories have been formed to account for the presence of gold in the Rand banket. Each assumes that the reef, which now dips at an angle of approximately forty-five degrees, was once level, and the bottom of a sea. According to one theory the gold was precipitated in the water through the introduction of some chemical which released it from the embrace of the chlorine molecules, and let it fall in a shower of extremely minute particles to the rubble bottom, through the depth of which it became distributed, working its way, by virtue of its weight between the pebbles, and thus permeating the mass. At first glance this theory seems very feasible indeed, for it is known that all sea-water contains gold. De Launay

(*The World's Gold*) estimates that each ton may contain ninepence worth.

The alternative theory is to the effect that an inrush of sand displaced the water and subsequently solidified into stone—that eventually some unspeakable cosmic convulsion crinkled the earth's surface, causing the former sea-bed to slope to its present angle. During or after this convulsion, an enormous mass of chlorinated vapour was generated in the bowels of the earth. Seeking an exit, it found one in the layer of loose rubble lying between the solid masses of petrified sand, more or less imperfectly filling what was now an immense sloping crack. Here was the line of least resistance, and here the vapour found a gradual vent.

The vapour was heavily charged with gold, for which chlorine in any form has a strong affinity, but it carried its burden intact until it reached the zone to which oxygen had intruded from the surface—that is, the now uplifted edge of the one-time sea-basin. This edge is known as the outcrop. Then some chemical change took place, and a quantity of gold was dropped by the vapour as it rushed out to freedom. The more oxygen mingling with the



IN THE COMPOUND, RANDEFONTEIN.



NATIVES DESCENDING SHAFT, RANDEFONTEIN.

chlorine vapour, the more gold was dropped; consequently the greatest amount should have been found at and immediately below the outcrop.

The magnates hold to the former theory, but I fear that in their case the wish is father to the thought, for if the deposit were due to general precipitation in water over a large superficial area, the deep levels should contain approximately the same percentage of gold as the outcrop. It is, as a matter of fact, on this assumption that all amalgamations between outcrop and deep-level claims have been based.

However, practically all the professional men (not, of course, including professional financiers) with whom I have been privileged to discuss the matter, hold to the infiltration theory, which is the only one that accounts for the general and progressive deterioration of the ore as deep and deeper levels are prospected and explored. This deterioration is, I firmly believe, a rule to which there are no exceptions. When one hears of deep-level stuff yielding heavily, this is, I am persuaded, due to one of two circumstances. Either the section of ore being worked is really sunken outcrop, as is most probably the case at

Brakpan and its vicinity—where no reef was struck anywhere near the present surface—or else that the ore has been picked. It is a well-known fact that the gold never runs evenly through a reef of banket—that the greater proportion of it is usually contained in a vein of a few inches sandwiched in between several feet of usually very poor stuff. By carefully picking out the ore belonging to this rich layer—which may be just a tenth, or even a fiftieth of the whole—it is often possible to get a small quantity of ore which will give exceedingly rich results, whereas the aggregate from which it has been selected may be, and often is, so poor that it would never pay to crush.

It would be easy to give a large number of examples illustrating this rule of progressive ore-impooverishment. I will, however, give three typical examples:—

- (1) Village Main Reef (on outcrop), profit per ton of ore milled, 19s. 4*d.*
Village Deep, profit per ton, 8s. 1*d.*

In each case the cost per ton at the mill is approximately the same.

(2) Henry Nourse (on outcrop), ore highly payable.

Nourse Deep, much poorer.

South Nourse, poor—unpayable.

(3) Heriot & Jumpers, ore highly payable.

Jumpers Deep, much poorer.

Jupiter, barely payable.

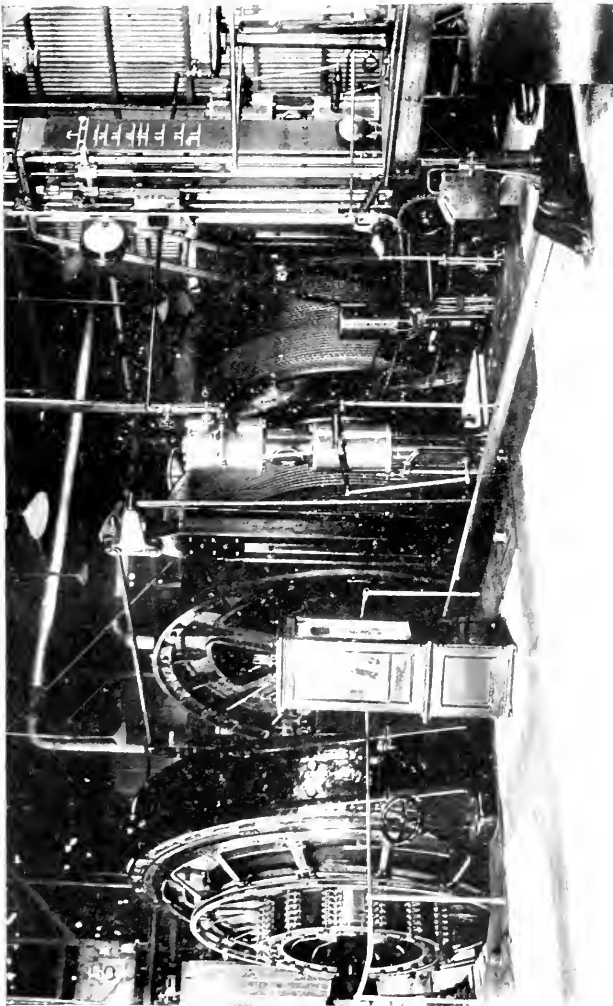
It is my firm opinion that the top of the curve in the matter of gold production has approximately been reached. The line may undulate for a time, for strenuous efforts are being made to prevent its falling; nevertheless the fall is coming, and both magnates and managers know it. If you manage to corner a magnate and put such statements and figures as I have quoted before him, he will take refuge in generalities. But all the time he knows, and has known for a long time, that the inevitable shrinkage in the output is not far ahead.

I will venture on the prophecy that when the curve does fall, the circumstance will be attributed to scarcity of labour. But two things must be borne in mind: one is that the number of labourers engaged in mining on the Rand is greater to-day than ever it was; the other is,

that no gold-field that history tells of has ever been worked under circumstances so favourable in this respect as is the Rand. The Native labourer is cheaper, more skilled, more muscular, and more manageable than any other labourer who has ever been engaged in mining—outside China, perhaps. In this relation it might be interesting to speculate as to how soon there will be another agitation, with the introduction of Chinese labour as its objective. But the agitation will not be a formidable one; the men who led the former crusade towards Celestialising the Rand and, at the same time, evangelising the Celestial, are mostly enjoying their millions in Europe, and those who have taken their places have not nearly so much leverage to work from as had their predecessors.

At Johannesburg it can easily be seen that distrust is in the air. Rents are enormous, but the selling price of property is low—and falling. Nevertheless, buildings, great and small, are being rushed up in every direction. “It is a mad world, my masters.”

Cheaper labour and improved drills—these are the contingencies upon which the optimists build their hopes. One fails, somehow, to see



ELECTRIC HOIST, RANDOLPHTON.

how labour can become much, if at all, cheaper. One hears of the European miner occasionally earning over £100 per month. Remuneration such as this is, however, due to quite exceptional skill, and the man who earns it would be more properly described as a contractor than as a miner. Besides, there are but few contractors who earn more than half the amount named. In any case, a man with an average expectation of living from seven to eight years—a man who knows that he will probably become food for the worms at about thirty-one—may be pardoned if he sets a somewhat high price upon his labour. The man who works aboveground draws from £20 to £30 per month. Considering the precarious nature of his tenure of employment, this does not seem excessive. But my experience of the European miner on the Rand has convinced me that he is beginning to learn how to look after his own interests, and that he will take good care that his remuneration is not materially reduced.

Native miners earn about £3 per month. This is probably a fair wage, but it is certainly not too high a one. The Native, too, suffers from phthisis, although not to the same extent

as the European. If he gets his leg broken or his arm crushed he may be laid up for several months, and during those months he will draw no pay. These Natives are apt to learn; in many instances they have become almost as skilful in branches of mining work which are usually undertaken by Europeans as are the latter. I am credibly informed that a great deal of the underground work which is supposed to be done by Europeans is really done by Natives. Your White Man in Africa has an ineradicable tendency towards looking on—superintending the efforts of his Black Brother. It is freely said that many of the mining accidents are due to the European habit of delegating important technical work to “boys.” A white miner may have a few highly skilled workers among the Native gang working under him; more and more he allows the branches of technical work he is supposed personally to undertake to slip into their hands. These skilled “boys” leave the mine, and their places are taken by others not so skilled. But the latter are allowed to continue the duties of their predecessors, and consequently a catastrophe happens. The truth does not come to light,

for at the inquiry the statements made are dictated by convenience rather than truth.

Given labour cheap enough, there is hardly any limit to the lowness of the grade at which ore can be payably worked. According to De Launay the mean percentage of gold contained in the general substance of the globe is $\cdot 045$ dwt. per ton. Reduce, therefore, the cost of labour sufficiently, and it might theoretically be possible to mill the whole earth. Leaving this extreme case out of consideration, there are many masses of ore running from 2 to 4 dwts. to the ton which, if labourers could be induced to sacrifice themselves—to work for seven or eight years at a bare living wage and then die—might afford dividends. But men are worth more than ingots—or even dividends; and taking human nature as it is, it would be a wild fallacy to base calculations on such a contingency. It may, therefore, safely be premised that when the yield of any deep mine sinks below 5 dwts. to the ton, that mine can no longer be worked at a profit—at all events, under present conditions. Ores below the standard quoted may, hereafter, be payably worked; but that will not be until a scarcity of gold, due to failing

output, has appreciated that metal's purchasing power.

At the fifty-seven mines returned as having been worked at a profit during August 1911, the following shows approximately the rates of profit per ton milled: Two between 20s. and 30s., seventeen between 10s. and 20s., and nineteen between 5s. and 10s.

The balance made a profit of between 4*d.* and 4s. 8*d.* per ton.

Compare such profits with those made just before the war. For instance:

	£	s.	d.	
Angelo . . .	1	19	7	per ton
Bonanza . . .	3	12	2	„
Ferreira . . .	2	17	6	„
Ferreira Deep . . .	2	4	0	„
Gingsberg . . .	1	4	8	„
Henry Nourse . . .	1	19	11	„
May, Cons.	1	3	10	„

And yet you will find people who seriously argue to the effect that as the workings grow deeper there is no serious *progressive* deterioration in the quality of the ore.

By far the greater amount of unskilled labour at the Rand, as elsewhere throughout South Africa, is performed by Natives. Of the various descriptions of ebon-skinned men who have been recruited from different parts of the Dark Continent to assist in the furtherance of the gold industry on the Rand, there are upwards of 200,000. But a cry for more goes up to heaven, and one hears bitter and continued complaints as to the shortage of labour. It was passing strange to hear such complaints at Randfontein, where the compounds contain over 23,000. But the mining industry is insatiable. If the Randfontein management is not satisfied with its brimming compounds, is satisfaction possible? I think not—at all events, under free labour conditions. Were labour to be to-morrow obtainable much more plentifully than it is to-day, an agitation for a reduction of wages would at once begin.

The most salient fact bearing on the future of the Rand as a mining centre is, I must again repeat, the progressive falling grade of the ore. This fact, where it cannot be denied, is either ignored or absurdly minimised. As a matter of fact the falling of the grade has been, for

some years past, serious, universal, and continuous. Improved mining appliances and a plentiful supply of some of the best and cheapest labour in the world sank the cost of production some points below that to which the grade had fallen; but as the reef is opened up at lower and lower levels the grade falls regularly with the increased depth. It is obvious that in many, if not in most mines, the grade will overtake and sink below the cost.

Assume it as conceivable that owing to some as yet uninvented appliance the cost of breaking out the ore (for it is only in the underground work that any important reduction of working cost is possible) were to be so far reduced that 4-dwt. ore could be worked in deep levels at a small profit, an important extension to the life of the industry would, doubtless, be secured. It has, I firmly believe, still to be demonstrated that in, say, ten years' time more than ten or a dozen mines will have any ore left of a higher grade than 4 dwts. It is, in fact, probable that the suggested estimate is too liberal. But reduce the grade by 1 dwt. and the possibility of working any given mine at a profit becomes an absurdity. Examples could, of course, be

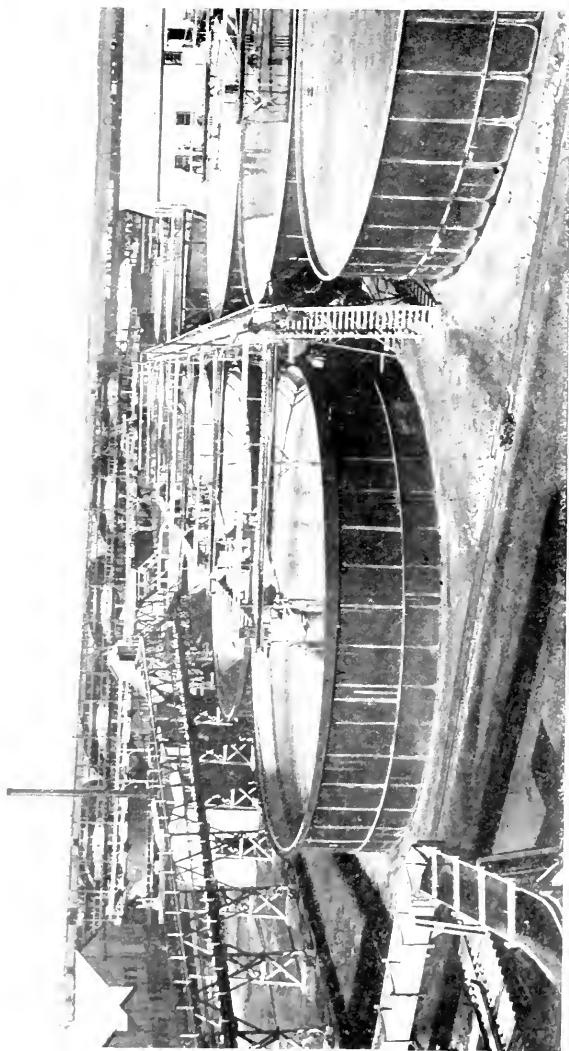
cited from ancient history, showing how it could, conceivably, be done. Tiglath Pileser, it is believed, carried out some important public works at an exceedingly reasonable cost by the simple means of enslaving one or other of the nations unfortunate enough to be within that masterful monarch's reach, and setting the captives to work without wages and with but a minimum of food. In Ancient Greece the celebrated silver mines of Laurion were exploited profitably after the ore had fallen to a ridiculously low grade, by more or less similar means.

These illustrations are not quite so far-fetched as one who had not heard the labour problem discussed at the tables of the Randlords might imagine. It is very instructive to hear magnates interested in low-grade mynpachts express themselves as to how, in their opinion, the recruiting system should be made more effective. It is easy to infer that what is occasionally termed "stimulation," but which I think might better be termed "drastic encouragement," to come to work at the mines, is at the back of their heads. Now, the natural development of stimulation is coercion, and from that to simple

slavery is not an unthinkable distance. We have recently seen with indignation how industries may be fostered under other flags by what is just naked slavery called by some euphemistic name.

One little circumstance struck me as being very significant. I met a lady one day at luncheon, and we got into conversation over the Native Question of South Africa. The lady was an aristocrat; she was sweet, gracious, and in every way charming. She was a traveller, and was very well-informed in the Imperialistic side of South African affairs. She appeared to be especially interested in the question of the fighting strength of the various tribes. She asked me if I thought the Basuto would make a really serious fight when attacked. I replied to the effect that, judging from the history of Basutoland, I certainly thought they would, and added that I was quite sure that so long as the Basuto were left alone they would give no trouble.

“ Oh,” she rejoined, “ Basutoland is far too valuable a country to be left much longer under the occupation of Blacks. Their turn will have to come.”



CYANIDE TANK, RANDFONTEIN.



She thus gave unconscious expression to the views of the circle in which she had moved at Johannesburg. Dispossess the Basuto of their land, and they will have to seek work.

The engines devised and improved for various ends on some of the more up-to-date mines afford marvellous illustrations as to what can be done by means of machinery in the matter of labour-saving. At one mine, a huge concern, I saw the whole power-plant—the nucleus from which energy for haulage, drilling, milling, lighting, and heating was distributed to many points over an area several square miles in extent—being managed by one European and seven Natives. All through the works above-ground one is struck by the small amount of attention which the various appliances require to keep them going. These mighty and complicated engines often seem almost as though they possessed a kind of volition—as though they had developed life after the manner of those Erewhonian machines that tried to conquer their creator, man.

But the achievements in the matter of the saving of labour aboveground would almost seem to have reached their limit; one may

wander over an enormous mill which roars and throbs without intermission—from Monday morning to and through Sunday night—and see hardly a human being in attendance. From the time the ore leaves the hands of the pickers until the trolley tips it over the summit of the dump in the form of sterile white powder, it is the fingers of machinery that speed it on its complicated course. The trolley falls sideways and flings the broken-up stone into the ore-bin of the battery-mill, from there it sinks automatically under the dancing stamps. Pulverised, it is carried by water over the plates; then it flows down through sluices to a sunken pit. From this a wheel with a circle of buckets on its periphery lifts the mixture to a high flume, down which it is led to the mammoth tanks where the cyanide process begins. A tap is opened here, a crank set moving there, a lever pressed somewhere else, and the obedient machines, as tireless as they are accurate, carry on their complicated task to the end.

It is, however, difficult to imagine how any startling improvements can be devised in respect to the underground work. The hard ore has still to be drilled, blasted out, lifted, and sorted.

The drill has reached a very high pitch of efficiency, an explosive of greater energy than dynamite would shatter the casing, and thus make the workings more insecure than they are now. Whether the service of human hand and eye can be cheapened by "stimulation" is, happily, a question not likely to be settled in South Africa.

I wonder how many of the investors in Rand scrip are aware that in the balance-sheets published, the cost of shafts, adits, and cross-cuts are included under the head of "assets." It is true that the cost of such is occasionally written off, and the item "capital expenditure" thus reduced. All the same, there are cases in which such items which have served their purpose and are of no more worth than the dumps are still valued for balance-sheet purposes. The manager of a large mining concern told me something in this connection which was somewhat pathetic, but at the same time very amusing. A lady in England, who was a shareholder, wrote pointing out the very heavy sum included under the head of "assets," and suggesting that some of the latter might with advantage be realised and distributed among the shareholders as a dividend, a thing they had long and vainly hoped for.

CHAPTER V

The mining Moloch—Fatalities—The Rand at night—Miners' phthisis—The morgue—The European miner—Insecurity of tenure—Fatal carelessness

IN that cruel, splendid, arrogant city, that centre of Punic power which, from its seat where the Mediterranean washes the North African coast, defied Rome until Scipio so thoroughly destroyed it that the very site was in question for centuries, sat a brazen idol with hands outstretched, the upturned palms sloping to a furnace. In such monstrous semblance did the Carthaginians conceive their god. At times of danger or distress the dwellers of that city used to place their best-loved children on those brazen palms ; as they slid into the fiery pit the clashing of cymbals and other instruments of barbaric music drowned the wails of the immolated victims. Has ever any one endeavoured to compute the number of self-immolated victims that slide to the pit of death from the golden

palms of the Rand Moloch? Seven men, on an average, die violent deaths each day in the mines. But how many die of miners' phthisis, of pneumonia? We shall never know; the trumpet that blares forth the magnitude of our commercial expansion drowns the cries of the maimed and the groans of the smitten. The returns published regarding phthisis only deal with those who die at the Rand; they take no account of the many who steal away to their homes in other parts; they take no account of those who have never seen the Rand, but to whom infection is communicated.

We shall never know the full horror of this thing, but we may guess from the meagre ascertained facts. For instance, the fact that of deaths among Transvaal machine miners, miners' phthisis accounts for 94 per cent.; and the further fact that whereas the average expectation of life of miners elsewhere is fifty-three years, in the Transvaal it is only thirty-three. There is some evidence in favour of the view that even the latter estimate is too liberal.

In the vaults of the Standard Bank I have handled some of the ingots sent in from the various mines. In size and shape they resemble

loaves of bread; their substance assuredly takes the place of the Bread of Life with the majority of men to-day. This loaf-like lump of metal, so heavy and so bright, what has been its cost in human life, in agony and in tears? It weighs some seventy-five pounds; how many pounds of sentient human flesh did the niggard earth require before unlocking its treasure-house and doling out the merchandise of invisible atoms here aggregated? Could the answer be expressed in cold, statistical figures, it would shock humanity. What is the real value of this ingot in the last resort—before the Judge of the Great Assize?

From the end of the street in which I lived at Doornfontein arose the abrupt ridge in which that particular area of the Rand culminated. To the top of this I more than once climbed, working my way with difficulty between the enclosures surrounding the houses with which the ridge is so thickly sown. But the climb was well worth the trouble, for a most remarkable view unfolded itself. From here, in the darkling gloom, with the faint stars shining modestly through the firmament, I would watch the blatant sheen of the electric arcs spangling out,

far and near, among the piles of sleepless machinery. How the glaring galaxy of artificial suns insolently outshone Orion and the Milky Way, Canopus and the Pleiades.

When the faint night-wind blew out of the south, the murmur of myriad stamps, softened and mingled by distance, sounded like the voice of the sea. This is a sound which does not cease. Night and day, without intermission even of Sunday, the batteries work. Up and down the iron shafts spring and drop until the solid stamp-head, composed of several hundredweight of iron, wears out. Then another stamp-head is quickly adjusted, and once more the dance goes on. Inside the house of a large battery the noise is absolutely deafening: it turns men stone-deaf in a few years. No roll of rifle-fire that I have ever listened to could be compared in loudness and intensity with the roar of a 200-stamp battery-mill. Yet it is but as the murmur of a rill feeding that cataract of gold, worth over thirty millions sterling each year, which speeds the mighty wheel of the world's commerce around upon its axle.

The stars and I have seen this ridge when it was a solitude—when the wild game moved over

its crest in the early morning to greet the rising sun ; when those streams of white water from which it took its name flashed down the shallow valleys leading either to the Limpopo or the Vaal, as they flowed north or south. The stars will see it when this roaring vortex of passion and greed shall have died down to complete cessation—to Ancient Silence.

Then will the atmosphere unlock her stores of real wealth—wealth to acquire which no human hecatombs need be offered up—and gently set the riches of her overflowing treasury where the fragile fingers of vegetation may take and weave them into a fabric wherewith to veil the nakedness of these livid, monstrous dumps. Then will the tooth of the lichen sap the foundations of these belching smoke-stacks until they totter and crash down, bringing their tortured substance back to the crucible of the goodly earth, there to disintegrate and remingle with elemental things. These tall, ungainly structures, at the summits of which wheels ceaselessly whirl, will become the prey of the thunder-bolt and the hurricane ; these caverns, now full of human gnomes selling their brief span of life for riches they can never enjoy, will one by one

be sealed up, as, with a final earth-groan, their ravaged sides sink slowly one to the other.

It is indeed at a tremendous cost, not alone to the individual but to the State, that this cataract is kept flowing. This industry is like a monstrous hopper into which men hurl themselves. Of those doomed to work underground but few escape from the mill unscathed. Human life is, among these mines, often as much a waste product as is the material forming the dumps. There is not, I believe, any other industry in the furtherance of which the death-rate is so high. This is due to the immense number of mechanical appliances in use—machinery rendered necessary by the almost frantic efforts being made to keep up the output of gold in the face of the falling grade.

Dust and dynamite fumes are the exciting causes of miners' phthisis; that is to say, these agencies cause the lung-tissues to deteriorate to such an extent that the latter become most favourable soil for the phthisis germ to develop in. Dust generated by the drills can be kept down by constantly using a sprayer; not so, however, the dust caused by blasting. Something could, of course, be done towards im-

proving the sanitary conditions through increasing ventilation, but this is objected to on the score of its cost.

I took some pains in endeavouring to ascertain what expectation of life a European miner had—that is to say, one who worked continuously. Estimates on this point varied extensively, even among medical men. I came to the conclusion that the term was between seven and eight years. The Native comes off better, owing to his in-every-way-to-be-encouraged habit of returning to his home at the end of a six months' spell of work. I was told that the first stage of what is known as miners' phthisis is not phthisic at all, but merely inflammation that can easily be cured through the sufferer simply abstaining from going underground. But once the germ of phthisis has established itself in the debilitated tissue, recovery is practically impossible.

It is pitiable to note the emaciation of the victims of this scourge of the Rand miner; they become almost literally mere skin and bone. A visit to the hospital is a most saddening experience. Each victim lies breathing with distressing rapidity; for Life, the startled tenant

of the rapidly crumbling frame, exacts grievous service from the small portion of lung-tissue still capable of oxygenating the racing blood. The cheek-bones almost cut through the worn skin; the eyes glitter with almost supernatural brilliance; the final fight against extinction is desperately waged. We smile contemptuously at the fanatics who cast themselves under the chariot-wheels of a monstrous Indian idol, yet here, lying in the sunshine under the tall verandah of this hospital, we find their counterpart. These men must have known, through the experience of others, what their inevitable fate was to be when they cast themselves before the grinding wheels of this terrible industry. And it is to be feared that as the mines deepen the phthisic scourge will become worse, for the air will tend to grow more and more foul.

This disease makes it, in my opinion, unthinkable that Europeans can ever supersede Natives to any great extent as underground labourers. The Native, as I have shown, has a better chance of escaping the second, or almost certainly fatal stage of the disease, for the reason that he insists on taking his spell of rest after a certain period of work. This, how-

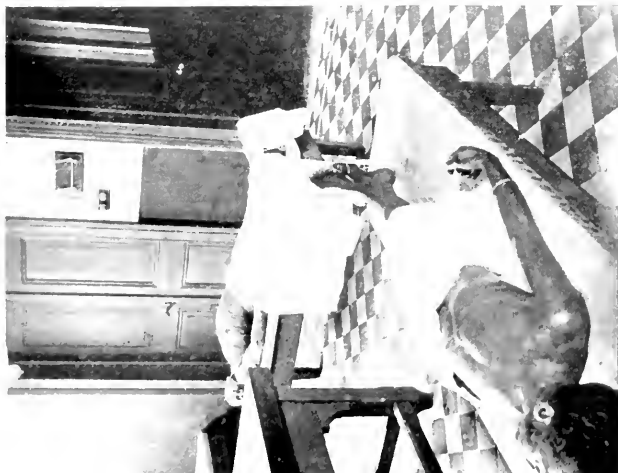
ever, the European cannot do; he makes his home on the Rand, so has no kraal in a kinder climate to retire to. If it were possible to devise some system under which men might work, say, three months below ground and three above, fatalities might be much lessened.

To the morgue—that neat-looking building at the back of the prison, over the roof of which one may see from the top of the ridge the stately homes of Parktown—the maimed and shattered bodies of many victims are brought. On the date of my visit there were twelve corpses awaiting examination. The neat hearse, with its black horses, makes many journeys with its gruesome load of silent passengers up the road between the Wanderers' Ground and Joubert Park. The hostel for which these passengers are bound is beautifully equipped, but the guests receive but a cold welcome, for they are placed in a freezing chamber and, as a rule, kept in this Malebolge all night. In the morning they are carried to a chamber furnished with a number of convenient zinc-covered platforms; on these they are laid out for examination.

Over two thousand five hundred victims of this class die each year among the Rand Mines.



IN THE MORGUE (NO. 2).



IN THE MORGUE (NO. 1).

After looking at the crushed, distorted forms, rigid in the premature peace of the death that overtakes us all—even magnates—strange thoughts arise, strange questions clamour for answer. Yet the lot of these violently slain human creatures is preferable to that of the ones smitten with phthisis, who lie gasping out their perplexed souls in long-drawn-out agony.

One could not avoid being struck by the look of discontent which the countenances of nearly all the European labourers bore. Even men who were making large profits out of contract work looked sullen and dissatisfied. Quite probably the imminent danger of infection may preoccupy them to the exclusion of pleasant thoughts; a man can hardly be expected to look cheerful when he sees a pit yawning across his pathway, and only a few milestones ahead. But the men working aboveground looked equally sullen. In fact, I noticed a marked absence of anything like friendliness between any of the superior mine officials and their subordinates.

One and all, the managers with whom I discussed labour questions assured me that the European employees were becoming more dis-

contented, more Socialistic, and more difficult to manage or to satisfy. "Socialistic," in the sense in which it was used, meant uncompromising antagonism to capital. I was also told that miners, machinists, and other Europeans engaged at the mines were extravagant, dissipated, and improvident to a degree; that instead of saving anything from their wages they spent all that remained over the immediate cost of living in drink, or on theatre-going, gramophones, and other useless extravagances. Consequently, when a man lost his life, his family was as a rule absolutely unprovided for.

So far as the gramophones go I can corroborate, from my own personal experience, what was told me: almost every one of the miners' cottages I had an opportunity of looking into contained one of those instruments. Were I a miner I should probably also purchase a gramophone—if only to try and drown by its means the ticking of the clock. It must, one would think, feel rather like being in the condemned cell when you come to realise that under normal conditions you will die in seven—four—two years, as the case may be. I wonder do these men apprehend the gruesome circumstance

that an open grave awaits them at the last of those seven milestones which we pass with such celerity? In the greater number of instances probably not, for the average man has a wonderful faculty for persuading himself that exceptions will be made in his individual favour. However, under the circumstances, we can hardly grudge the miner either his gramophone or the theatre. But if I were in his place I certainly should not keep a clock with an audible tick on the premises.

It is to be feared that a very serious amount of dissipation exists among the unmarried European employees. I quote the following from a communication published in *The Worker*, which is the official organ of the South African Labour Party, dated September 23, 1911:

“The single quarters on the mines are nothing else but drinking dens and brothels, where some of the miners deplete their strength in debauchery that beggars description. In this state they are allowed to be employed by managers and overseers, and who shall dare to say that a man’s mind is clear and intelligent when his body is saturated with alcohol and weak from prostitution.

“Out of fifty-seven accidents that I have investigated in two years’ time, I have found forty-three which can be directly traced to alcoholic influence.”

I fear the foregoing contains a great deal of truth : that a serious amount of demoralisation exists among European miners. The surroundings within which these men live are not conducive to cleanliness of mind or body. On some of the mines the quarters are inexpressibly sordid and uncomfortable. This is more especially the case where the mine is an old one and is nearing its end as a paying proposition, for then the management will not spend a shilling that can be spared, and the wretched tin shanties in which the men live are consequently never repaired.

On the other hand, the European quarters on some of the mines are all that could be desired. Certainly the best I saw were those belonging to the “Crown Mines,” at Langlaagte. Here were excellent bath-rooms, billiard- and reading-rooms, scientifically constructed drying-chambers for the clothing worn underground by the men, and, in fact, every practicable convenience. Taking it all round I found more sympathetic,

intelligent, and scientific efforts towards the welfare and comfort of the employees, both European and Native, being made within the "Crown Mines" area than anywhere else on the Rand. European quarters, as well as hospital and compounds—all were so well designed and managed that I could find nothing to criticise adversely.

One great grievance of the European labourer is the insecurity of tenure which, he declares, obtains generally. He affirms that any manifestation of independence on his part, or any prominence in the matter of organising, is followed by black-listing on the part of employers, and that a man black-listed can never obtain employment.

The following extract from *The Rand Daily Mail* of September 19, 1911, may be taken as embodying a class of complaints, of which I heard many :

“ INSECURITY OF TENURE

“ *The Men's Grievance*

“ The feeling of insecurity of tenure among the Rand mine employees has been brought into prominence by the discussion at the Union

Club lecture (by Dr. Macaulay, M.L.A.) on Friday night. Commenting on the discussion, it will be remembered, Mr. Lionel Phillips admitted 'that many dismissals probably occurred as the result of arbitrary methods, but that it was also true that miners left when they thought they had not earned enough, and it also seemed the custom for foremen newly appointed to bring in their following.'

"Yesterday a *Mail* representative endeavoured to get the views of some of the miners on this important question, but, as was to be expected, these views largely took the form of generalities, and definite illustrations in support of them were not volunteered. Whilst admitting that some of the trouble is due to drink, and some to 'the cutting of prices' whenever a man makes a good cheque, the great grievance is over the observance of the mining regulations. In a nutshell, the men claim that observance of the mining regulations means, sooner or later, dismissal.

"In proof of this our representative was referred to a recent case in which a trammer was ordered by the shift boss to go in and clean up a cross-cut, and when he refused, the shift boss fired him. The trammer reported at once to the Inspector of Mines, and when an inspector had gone down he found that the trammer was

right, that the regulation with regard to the use of water for laying the dust had been broken, and some one was fined a small sum.

“ One miner, Mr. D. P. F. Roux, gave our representative some of his personal experience in this connection. In January last, he said, he was employed on a mine with twenty odd boys under him. As a certificated miner he was responsible for the lives of the boys, and as an experienced miner he knew when rock was unsafe. He called the attention of the shift boss to the fact that the face was not safe. The shift boss replied that he (Mr. Roux) was too much of a coward to go in and work in that part of the mine. Mr. Roux pointed out that it was not a question of cowardice as far as he himself was concerned, but that he was responsible for the lives of the boys, and he did not want to lose his blasting certificate. He was fired for refusing to work there, and he wrote a letter (of which he showed our representative a copy) to the manager, explaining the circumstances. Since then the management have employed different people there, but not one single man remained there for more than a month or six weeks. Eventually they employed a man named S——. He found it, to use his own language to Mr. Roux, ‘ A h—— of a job ’; and the shift boss (who had been promoted to mine

captain, apparently for his ability to reduce working costs) went in to assist him. Both are dead—through a fall of hanging wall in a place which Mr. Roux reported as dangerous, for which report he was fired.

“Now, said Mr. Roux, that company has declared huge profits in July and August. I maintain that such profits, and the reduction of working costs, involve a wholesale breaking of the mining regulations. The fact is that the Government mining engineers and inspectors are neglecting their work. They want sometimes night inspectors on these mines, to see how the regulations are broken. When I went up in that skip there was a nigger skipman in charge; and what is more, the shift boss who fired me sat on the bridle of the skip. That is often done—done every day of the week, especially on Sundays. I maintain that the mines should be content with a smaller dividend and not rush the work like that.

“Mr. Roux gave another illustration of how this system operates. On August 2, 1909, there was a fall of rock which caused the death of two boys. The trammer who was on night duty before the stope caved in warned the mine captain that the stope was unsafe. He was told that he was a ‘coward’ and ‘funky.’ He (Mr. Roux) was then sampler on the mine, and

was sent down with two boys on the Monday of the accident to report. Obeying the regulations, he left the boys in a safe place, and investigated. He found that it was unsafe. Notwithstanding this fact they had a number of boys drilling the foot-wall, and some half-dozen of these boys were buried with a fall of rock. Two of these boys were smashed to pulp.

“Mr. Roux took a prominent part in the rescue work, but—and this is the important point—on the question of the insecurity of tenure, was not called to give evidence when the inquiry was held by the Inspector of Mines.”

Personally, I believe that every statement in the foregoing is literally true. It is a matter of common knowledge out on the mines (although not at the Rand Club) that the most relentless pressure is being exercised from the top towards increasing the output and keeping down working costs. Moreover, familiarity breeds contempt in the matter of danger. Official inspection is, from the nature of the circumstances, bound to be somewhat perfunctory. If each mine were bound to pay a thousand pounds to the relatives of every man killed in its depths, fatalities would immediately be reduced by 90 per

cent. As things are now, if a thousand pounds can be saved at the cost of five lives, valued for purposes of the magnates at £10 * each, and the off chance of a fine of £50 inflicted upon some underling, the transaction is an excellent one from a business point of view.

* This is the amount paid to the relatives of a Native labourer who happens to get killed.

CHAPTER VI

The mining magnate—His character—His imaginative power—
Prospectus poems—The expert—The broker—Emigrating
magnates

THE mining magnate, according to popular conception, is a big, blatant, self-assertive man who continually smokes expensive cigars, drinks copiously of champagne, and rushes from place to place in a powerful motor-car. This conception is quite erroneous, and for the mistake we must blame the caricaturist. The real magnate is not now much in evidence on the Rand ; soon he will be as scarce as the dodo—at all events in South Africa. He has gone to Europe to enjoy the grain of his full garner—the grain harvested in those wonderful years when the hoarders of old Europe plastered the Rand with their surplus millions, and purses had only to be held open at the proper angle to be filled.

There were, I believe, some more or less blatant magnates in the early days, but such did

not belong to the inner circle—to the select company which joined hands in a great, informal combine, filled their own and each other's pockets, and left the great majority of investors weeping over their scrip. The real, genuine magnate is often a retiring, mild-mannered man with a cultivated taste for some branch of art. He no doubt drinks good wine and smokes excellent cigars, but he values his life and the health that enables him to enjoy his wealth, so he consumes wine, cigars, and food in moderation; probably more moderately than you or I would, had we his opportunities. He usually keeps a perfectly appointed automobile, in which, when sojourning at the Rand, he travels daily between his beautiful residence at Parktown and his office in Commissioner Street. The magnate's underlings are sometimes blatant, it is true. You may see specimens of this class at the Rand Club any day. But in spite of their formidable look these people are not really of much importance. They are the jackals who live on the leavings of the lions; but as the latter do not get quite as much prey as once they did, the inferior beasts often go hungry. "Hoggenheimer" was never a good generic name for

the magnate; "Sidonia" or "Claud Duval" would have suited him better. In fact, his character is mainly a blend of the more salient characteristics of those heroes.

Duval had such a way with him—was so charmingly polite—that people often handed him over their purses without a murmur, and as a rule bore him no ill will. It was only the accident of having been born two and a half centuries too early that caused the life of the distinguished highwayman to end with such abrupt violence. Had he delayed his entrance upon the boards of life until, say, 1875, he would no doubt have been a magnate to-day, with a sky-scraper and a fortune—the former in Johannesburg, and the latter invested in carefully selected European and American securities.

How our most gifted caricaturist (I allude, of course, to Mr. D. C. Boonzaaier) could have misread his character, his nature, and his physique is a marvel. Hoggenheimer was à bludgeon—a brutal thing that crushed what it smote into splinters and gore. The real magnate was like a tempered blade that seemed to kiss when it wounded. He was never a gross materialist; like Goethe, he possessed "die Lust zu fabu-

lieren " in a high degree. The medium through which his imagination worked, through which the poetry of his nature expressed itself, was the prospectus, a branch of literature which has gone out of fashion, and in fact is now hardly read at all.

These poems, although not nearly so short as those in fashion among the Japanese, were never very long. They were not rhymed, except occasionally by accident. Like the sonnet or the rondel they were cast in a conventional form. Although each purported to be composed by from seven to thirteen authors, it was always understood that only two, at most, had done the actual creative work. The themes were all similar; each poem sang the praises of a group of claims or a mynpacht, and foretold in soaring periods the amount of potential wealth each contained.

Occasionally these poems (having neither rhyme nor metre, their claim to the term by which I allude to them is based solely on their enormous imaginative power) were collected and republished in the form of an anthology. The most comprehensive collection of this class is contained in several volumes (I forget exactly

how many), large quarto, which were edited by Mr. Sydney Goldman, and entitled *South African Mines*. This great work—the labour of editing it must have been immense—is now more or less neglected; it is too sad, too poignantly reminiscent to many who, but a few short years ago, made some or other of its contents the guide of their business lives. A more restrained and less ornate work of the same class is still issued in the form of an annual. I allude to *M. O. T. (Mines of the Transvaal)*, by R. R. Mabson. In spite of its subdued diction—shorn as it is of many flowers of fancy and noble prophetic utterances—this work remains one of great imaginative wealth.

I must not omit a meed of praise to the “mining expert”—the one who collaborated with the magnate-promoter in the composition. It was he who took the central theme of the song and set it in a form which was erroneously taken to be prose. He endowed every claim with gold of his own creation; he salted the deepest mynpacht with bullion that outshone the rainbow. A perusal of some of the earlier effusions of these experts makes it difficult to realise how they could have been misunderstood;

how any one could have mistaken their soaring periods for cold prose. For instance, when one expert, in dealing with a mynpacht on the long-exploded Black Reef, wrote of the gold "coruscating" in the ore, no one should have taken his words literally; yet many did.

It will thus be seen that each prospectus was the result of collaboration. The expert sang shortly the central theme—artfully simulating prose. Around this the promoter (not yet necessarily a magnate, although generally well on the way to become at least a minor one) weaved the flowers of his fancy. This was, of course, quite legitimate from a literary standpoint; Beaumont and Fletcher did it in another period of great literary activity, so did Besant and Rice; so did many others. One special feature of this sunburst of song was that the poems were distributed gratis, a circumstance which is, I think, unique in publishing annals, except such as relate to certain branches of religious literature and suffragist propaganda. However, the readers were so entranced by the madrigals, canzonets—call them what you will—that they crowded around the gifted minstrels, and poured out wealth without stint at those feet which

had found a new and a highly profitable path to Parnassus.

At the right hand of the bard, but on a lower seat, sat the broker, echoing, and thus popularising, his strains, gaining for his trouble a small percentage on the offerings. For this convention was observed: the bard did not receive contributions direct from his admirers; such had to pass through the broker's hands. Occasionally the bard returned a modicum of his gains; on this, also, the broker got his commission. It was a delightful time—a golden age; all were satisfied and happy. But in these more prosaic days the offerings have completely fallen off. Moreover, the contributors—especially those who gave most generously—are so oblivious of the claims of art that they even regret their former generosity. And I fear that any of these disillusioned persons would rather read to-day a page of *Webster's Dictionary* than the most imaginative prospectus poem ever printed.

History tells of more or less similar happenings—of times when the siren tones of the promoter swept many of those usually regarded as clear-headed men completely off their feet. One of such periods was that in which the South

Sea Bubble convulsed Threadneedle Street, and the financial "coruscations" of John Law led French finance into the quagmire of bankruptcy.

And these gifted beings, whose siren songs led forth from their accustomed haunts some of the most unimaginative men alive—even as Apollo caused the beasts to follow the lure of his cunning pipe—are the ones that Mr. Boonzaaier dared to embody under the presentment of Hoggenheimer—a heavy, loudly dressed person of pronounced Hebrew physiognomy; not the sublimated and refined Hebrew of the type of Sidonia or Daniel Deronda whom we all admire, but the low-class Jew of the Judengasse in Frankfurt—a corpulent person, with a chain as thick as a cable spanned across his assertive paunch and a large cigar protruding from his coarse lips. If I succeed in correcting this error I shall not have lived in vain.

It is in some respects a sad thing to have to record, but the magnate-species is becoming almost extinct on the Rand. His place has been taken by the guinea-pig, into whose less capable, but still skilful hands, the magnates' dwindling local interests have been intrusted. A few of the magnate class occasionally appear for a

time, but their homes are in other climes. In the neighbourhood of the more delightful Continental resorts, in the hallowed precincts of Park Lane, and in the stately one-time homes of decayed British aristocrats, you will find them dwelling, not in galaxies, as they once assembled on the Rand, but as single stars of the first magnitude, outside the spheres of each other's attraction, and illuminating their respective environments with steady effulgence. They are, in all but name, Peers of the realms fortunate enough to have been chosen by them for residence; and there can be no doubt that very soon after the Conservatives return from the wilderness the patents of nobility for distinguished strangers of this class who have adopted England as their fatherland will be signed.

By that time altered conditions may have brought about in the Transvaal something similar to what has followed the impoverishment of the nobility in Italy, where lordly piles washed by the wavelets of Como and Garda have passed from aristocratic to plebeian hands. In other words, quite common people may be housed in the Parktown palaces, and some of

the most artistic creations of Mr. Herbert Baker may be offered at a moderate rental.

A large and increasing number of people now think that when Sidonia-Duval left Park Station by rail to catch the mail steamer, he took away in his grip-sack something far more valuable than anything he left behind.

CHAPTER VII

Concerning Brown, Jones, and Robinson *

WITH you, gentlemen, in your capacity as representatives of the British investing public, I purpose having a talk. I will do all the talking, which will be of the heart-to-heart variety, and I hope you will listen to me with patience. Profit, in a material sense, you will not get from my discourse ; things have gone much too far with you for that. However, if once a week such of you as have families will only read this chapter to your sons after family prayers, the lesson may stand them in good stead when they reach man's estate. For just about then the next big boom will be due, and the main reef on the southern slope of Mount Erebus may be convulsing the Stock Exchanges of the world.

* To prevent misunderstandings, I will mention that the Robinson referred to in this chapter is not the Sir Joseph Robinson, Bart., who resides in Dudley House, Park Lane, W., and who, it is generally believed, has made more money at mining speculations than many other successful men, including myself.

You, Brown, are a retired merchant. A lucky combination enabled you to escape from the thraldom of the City at the comparatively early age of fifty, with a comfortable fortune of some £40,000. You, Jones, are a clergyman of the Established Church. After thirty years' enjoyment of one of the few fat livings left available for those, like yourself, who have no family influence, you found you had amassed nearly £8,000. You, Robinson, are the son of an ennobled brewer—a younger son. Your elder brother, the viscount, inherited the bulk of your deceased father's accumulations. However, you were launched upon the maelstrom of this perplexing world with a classical education, £25,000, and a taste for gambling which the venerable brewer, your deceased father, never even suspected.

Just after the close of the Boer War, when the British flag waved safely over the Raadzaal at Pretoria and Christian de Wet had returned to his favourite occupation of growing potatoes, your minds, respectively and independently, were fired by the reputed glories of Witwatersrand as a field for investment. Probably a few of the gratis-distributed prospectus poems floated

your way ; in fact, they must have unless you happened to be residing on the summit of the highest peak in Spitzbergen, or in some equally inaccessible place. Possibly Sydney Goldman's great Anthology captured your fancy. At all events you became persuaded that Rand investments were not alone perfectly safe, but were extremely profitable as well.

You, Robinson, forgot the oft-repeated paternal precept to the effect that no safe investment ever yields large profits. You, Jones, disregarded the precepts of your Master ; you know the ones I allude to—about the only kind of treasure you should deal in and as to where it should be laid up. You, Brown, had a comfortable income of £2,000 per annum, which you never spent. You were, as a matter of fact—all three of you—far more comfortable than you deserved to be. So in not one of the three cases was there any justification for investing in Rand scrip.

It is just here that I should, I think, define my own position in this relation. People who have speculated in gold shares fall into two sharply defined categories : those who have made money at the game and those who have

lost it. The latter are, of course, infinitely more numerous than the former. Those who have come out on the right side after their course of deals (for no one deals only once) bear about the same numerical relation to those who, in the illustrative parlance of 'Change, are left holding the baby, as the black swans bore to the white ones in the days of Juvenal.

There are various more or less hackneyed terms used to describe the two classes; for instance, hawks and pigeons, sharps and flats, etc. But it will, I think, serve all reasonable purposes if I define those in the winning category as capitalists and those on the losing side as investors. The capitalist is, of course, also an investor; but with the capitalist investment is incidental, whilst with the investor it is essential.

Well, then, I am a capitalist; that is to say, I am one of the distinguished few who have made money by share-speculation; and (here is the important point) kept it. This achievement is so unusual that I am excusably proud of my position. There are very, very few who have begun as investors and ended up as capitalists. My circle of acquaintances in South Africa is large, but—excepting the great financial barons,

one-time of Johannesburg—of the noble company of Randlords, there is none that I can call brother in this respect. My active financial career has ended—so far as share-speculation is concerned. I am a winner in the great poker-game which was so bravely played for years on the high watershed of the Transvaal. Being a unique specimen, I expect that when I die a statue will be erected in my honour, and that these words will be engraved on my tombstone:—

“He made Money out of Gold Shares—
AND KEPT IT”

As I have no wish to deceive you, I will tell you how much money I made. I am, as a matter of fact, a capitalist only in a technical sense. Many years ago I owned fifty pounds, and had a good conceit of myself as a business man. Events justified this self-appraisal. I invested my fifty pounds in gold shares, and within a few delirious months turned it into the princely sum of twelve hundred pounds. But in an evil (or possibly fortunate) hour I went to Johannesburg, and, within a few weeks, turned my twelve hundred pounds back into

fifty-six. This was after paying the expenses of my journey and providing for the cost of returning home. I was thus a gainer of six pounds sterling, and on this fact I base my claim to be regarded as a capitalist.

Do not, I pray you, despise the comparatively meagre sum which represents the net result of my speculations; rather concentrate your admiration upon this tangible evidence of my skill as a financier—upon the almost miraculous circumstance that I was not alone successful in saving my original capital, but that I actually made a profit. Think of the mighty men against whom I pitted myself. The fortune I amassed is not equal to those of the other capitalists, my magnate colleagues, but it exists—in hard cash. Suppose for a moment that you, my three friends, had been equally successful. A 12 per cent. return such as I reaped would have given you, Brown, £4,800, and so on; Jones and Robinson may tearfully work out their supposititious profits for themselves.

It is true that in the days when my great coup came off, the other players were not quite so successful as they have since become; they did not, as they do to-day, know the back of each

well-worn card as well as they know its face. However, conscious of my own limitations and despairing of ever becoming a really first-class player, I decided to retire. Besides, certain prepossessions—prejudices, influences, I hardly know what to call them—stood in my way. It may be that I began too late in life. That battered old hag, my conscience, began to scold like Xantippe; I could not silence her, and we had dwelt so long together that I could hardly bundle her out of the house. There was no other way of stopping her scolding tongue but to rise from the table.

This is not all. I hate to have to talk about what now follows, for the older a man gets, the more he dislikes exposing himself to ridicule. However, as I promised that this should be a heart-to-heart talk, I cannot keep the thing back. As you know, when at home I hold the office of Resident Magistrate of Tamlaatjes Kolk, a remote hamlet in the Cape Colony. As such I have occasionally to try and sentence offenders. The dwellers of that hamlet are, as a rule, virtuous and unsophisticated, but occasionally they lapse. One Monday morning, when the boom was at its height, I was just in

the act of mounting the bench when a telegram was handed to me. It was from Solly Gulden-schwank, a broker doing big business for the inside ring; its subject was that "Spanish Castle" flotation you may have heard of, and in which I held ground-floor interests—one of the many current concerns that had such a merry though short life. I just glanced at the message: then I stuffed it into my right-hand trouser pocket. A culprit stood in the dock; a poor, struggling peasant who had suffered from a run of bad luck. A vagrant sheep had strayed into his little flock of a dozen or so. He re-marked it, and thus committed theft, to which crime he pleaded guilty.

I began the stereotyped official admonition always used on such occasions, pointing out the necessity for respecting the property of others, and showing how dishonesty, if it became general, would tend to sap the foundations of the social structure that protected civilisation from anarchy, etc., etc. It was just the sort of stuff of which every magistrate keeps a practically unlimited supply on tap. Suddenly I seemed to feel a sensation of heat and a slight crepitation below my right hip. In a flash I

realised what a trick my imagination was playing me ; it seemed as though the wretched scrap of paper had imbibed something of Solly Gulden-schwank's personality, and was laughing at me. Then, unseen by all but myself, Xantippe hobbled into court. She shook her fist in my face. "How can you," she screamed, "dare to pass sentence on that man before you? You are, of the two, much the worse criminal."

Then a terrible thing happened—I blushed. Think of it—a man of my age and experience blushing in a police court like a school-girl caught winking at her chum's brother. The court was crowded ; an audible snigger went through the audience. The police looked at each other and winked. It was awful.

I passed sentence on the man in the dock ; I had to, of course. But I let him off with an unusually light penalty. This caused great indignation among the local farmers. But what Xantippe said was horribly true. In strict justice I should have changed places with the confessed thief. He had not gone to look for the thing he stole ; it came to him, sent by the devil of accident. He was in distress and yielded to temptation. My own case was dif-

ferent ; although poor, I had enough to eat, and my clothes were not too shabby for a Civil Servant. Yet I had deliberately assisted in furthering a scheme having for its object the fraudulent acquisition of funds from my friends Brown, Jones, and Robinson, who had never done me any harm. It was an unspeakable position I found myself in.

The game was at its height ; the play was merrily going. " Gentlemen," I said, " I have had enough. This old harridan of a Xantippe, who has hardly bothered me at all since I was quite a youth, has begun to scold so shrilly that my life has become a burden. I cannot get rid of her ; this game we are engaged in irritates her more than anything I have done for many years. There is nothing for me to do but to stop playing it. Henceforth I am no longer your opponent. Being a winner, I belong, in a sense, to your brotherhood, but only as an honorary member."

Apparently well-meant efforts were made to induce me to play again ; various members of the brotherhood offered to give me the benefit of their skill and experience if I would consent to another flutter. However, I was firm. I

retired, invested my profits in the Government Savings' Bank at $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and thenceforth the share list for ever lost its interest.

Well, I must return, my friends, to you and your interests. You, Brown, invested principally in that much-boomed concern the "Bimini Mine." "Jason" shares were what tempted you, Jones, to fly in the face of the Gospels and endeavour to lay up treasure on earth. "Rainbows" were the cause of you, Robinson, having had to go in patched boots and a seedy coat for several years past. Now, I will tell you a curious thing about these mines: there is, as a matter of fact, gold in each of them; each would have paid fairly well had it been worked for the profit of the shareholders. The shares were, of course, never worth anything like what you paid for them, but on the face-value of the scrip the mine should have returned, say, 15 per cent. annually for about ten years. Taking one with the other, the ore—for they were out-crop propositions—ran from ten to sixteen pennyweights to the ton.

These properties lay close to each other, and on the same line. Between "Bimini" and "Jason" was a block of claims known as "The

Great Cagliostro"; between "Maya" and "Rainbow" was a mine named "The Cornish Hug"; and next to the "Rainbow" on the other side was the "Moonshine." Neither the "Cagliostro," the "Hug," nor the "Moonshine" was a paying proposition. That extraordinary patchiness which has been such a salient characteristic of the Rand system is here illustrated: you had six separate blocks of claims lying in an unbroken row, each, alternately, payable and not payable as you take them from west to east. Why, you may reasonably ask, if these three mines were payable, did we draw no dividends? Why, oh, why! are shares for which we paid from £7 to £10 down to 23s. 9d. (sellers)?

Wait a bit, gentlemen; not so fast. I can answer your inquiries clearly and convincingly, but it cannot be done in a phrase. I must bring all the pieces on to the board before I can explain the play. What you did was this: you pitted yourselves in a game of skill of which you knew absolutely nothing against men of enormous cleverness—men who invented and elaborated that game, and who knew every card that was dealt you. Not alone this, but your opponents could deal themselves all the aces and kings in

the pack and fill your guileless hands with cards of low degree, for being none the wiser. I will endeavour to explain how all this was done.

All ever worth having at the Rand was practically owned by about six men—usually referred to as magnates. These distinguished persons—men, as has been shown, of vast imaginative power—have built up enormous fortunes, but the greater part of their wealth did not, as is popularly supposed, come out of the mines. As a matter of fact, it came from you and from others who had money to invest, and who were lured to the rocks by the siren songs with which the air of every financial centre was set thrilling. Among those six the Rand was, in comparatively early days, mapped out into so many spheres of influence. Occasionally the six pretended to poach on each other's preserves; but this was pretence—a mere move in the greater game. In all essential matters they played into each other's hands. It is with one of these men that your fortunes (or misfortunes) are bound up, so you will naturally desire to know something about him.

His name, which you have doubtless heard, is Mr. Howard Lehmbeck. His nationality is

uncertain, for he soared from complete obscurity to the dizzy altitude which he now occupies. His speech—except in the matter of a slight thickening of the r's when he is wearied—gives no trace of foreign origin ; nevertheless, I do not think, for all his lofty and Imperial patriotism, that he is English. Celtic, Teutonic, and Semitic blood probably runs in his veins ; his cheek-bones and his impassiveness suggest a touch of the American Indian. He is, I should say, a blend of several of the higher predatory races of mankind.

Possibly you may have visualised Lehmbeck as being of the Hoggenheimer type. If so, you are quite mistaken ; Lehmbeck is of middle stature and is slightly built. He has large, prominent eyes, dark grey in hue ; his deeply lined face is ivory-tinted ; and his hair, which is bleaching slightly near the ears, is brown, with a hint of auburn. His clean-shaved lips are mobile when he speaks ; when silent they shut in a close line like the lips of a trap. His chin is long and somewhat pointed ; it resembles that of John Knox. Lehmbeck's voice is soft and of delicate timbre (except for the very occasional thick r's) ; his hand, which might and occasion-

ally does sign cheques for millions, is slender and delicate ; it is the hand of an artist. In another environment Lehmbeck might have been a mystical-religious painter, like Watts. He would, I am persuaded, have founded a school of his own, for he possesses genius of a high order. That delicate, slender hand of his was once on the throttle of the mining industry. He has now somewhat relaxed the grip, but he only did this when it suited his purpose to do so. That iron will of his has never bent from its constant purpose. The only time I ever feel inclined to be conceited is when I realise that Lehmbeck and I once contended together, and that I bested him at the game he had invented. He has never forgiven me for this, and probably never will.

Lehmbeck lives in a beautiful house, high on the Parktown Ridge. Here, if you are fortunate enough to pass the portal, you will find everything ordered in the most perfect taste. If the host happens to be interested in you, and to have half an hour to spare, he may show you one or other of his priceless collections—his old china, for instance, or his carved ivory. His most splendid specimen of the latter—a crucifix

—is kept wrapped in a piece of purple silk which formed part of one of the vestments of Pope Leo X., and which was stolen from the Vatican. I have seen these collections; but it would be more fitting if you enjoyed that privilege, for it was your money and not mine that went towards paying for the Parktown palace and its beautiful contents.

Well, gentlemen, it may to a certain extent console you for your financial losses to know that this distinguished artist-poet was the controlling shareholder in the three mines in which you, respectively, invested. It is, of course, a privilege to be associated with such a man in anything. But, unfortunately for you, he was also interested, and to a considerable extent, in the three unpayable mines which were mixed up so perplexingly with your payable ones. It was Lehmbeck who effected the apparent miracle of making all six mines equally payable (to himself)—of drawing several solid millions out of bodies of ore which hardly ran three penny-weights to the ton; and of doing this without ever bringing a single skepful of that ore to the battery-mill.

You must now, if you please, visualise those

six mines standing in an unbroken row. Over each towers a tall stack of head-gear, surmounted by two big wheels—in diameter rather more than those belonging to the coach in which King George went to his Coronation between enthusiastic crowds. Under each head-gear is a shaft, up and down which iron skeps travel. The structures described stand near the original outcrop of the Main Reef, which dips to the southward at an angle of about 45 degrees. The claims were in blocks about three deep. To the south of the boundary of the six blocks lay two potential mining areas of the class known as “mynpachts.” I will not explain to you what a mynpacht is, beyond saying that it is a block of supposed auriferous ground, held under a special tenure ; it may be of any size or shape. One of these mynpachts was known as the “Spoof-Makaar ” ; the other as the “Schlenterfontein.” Both of these mynpachts belonged to Lehmbek ; they contained in the aggregate some four hundred claims. Claims of this class are known as “deep levels,” for the reason that on account of the dip of the reef, a very deep shaft has to be struck before the ore is reached. I should mention that the aggregate of the claims held by the

six concerns on and near the outcrop was about three hundred and fifty.

You were no doubt under the somewhat pardonable delusion that the three mines in which your interests lay were managed by three separate boards of directors—independent men who would arrange things to the best advantage of the shareholders, extracting from the tough and surly banket enough bullion to furnish those ample profits you so confidently expected. You had probably over and over again perused that romantic work, *M. O. T.*—especially that unusual feature, the appendix to the preface, in which is set forth, according to the tables of Inwood, how much you should spend of the dividends you draw and how much you should set to an amortisation fund. It all looked simple, did it not ?

But these boards were really not boards at all ; they were merely hutches of Lehmbeck's guinea-pigs, who drew their fees regularly for attendance at board meetings and carried out the ukases of the iron-willed man in whose pocket they lay, snug and safe, for a competence.

Lehmbeck determined to consolidate all these interests, to make one grand amalgamation—to

create, as he said at the various board meetings through the mouths of his guinea-pigs, such a sure and stable source of production that it was impossible to guess within fifty years as to when it would be likely to come to an end. Moreover, to tap a copious stream of steady profit from which the fortunate participators' children's children would be able to enjoy a practically ceaseless flow. In the amalgamation were included the Spoofof-Makaar and Schlenterfontein mynpachts. The aggregate of the eight areas was about seven hundred and fifty claims. The mynpachts were supposed to contain ore just as rich as that of the best in the outcrop. No sooner said than done. Simultaneous resolutions in favour of the amalgamation were passed, the necessary alterations in the respective trust-deeds were made. Bimini disappeared, Great Cagliostro expired in euthanasia, Jason receded into the folds of the Golden Flux, the Cornish Hug relaxed, the Rainbow died out of the financial sky, and the Moonshine paled in the effulgence of a splendid dawn. From the disintegrated members of these corporations arose something which was at once a Phoenix and a Star of the First Magnitude—a Fountain

of Perennial Wealth and a Rock against which the Waves of Financial Vicissitude might beat in vain. Please note, that it is the guinea-pigs and not I that are responsible for this mixture of metaphors. I am quoting from their speeches and from the prospectus of the amalgamated concern. The latter was called "The North Rand Spoof-Makaar Galaxy, Limited."

The seven hundred and fifty claims of the "Galaxy" contained many tons of ore which, albeit that most of it lay several thousand feet deep, was stated on the best expert authority to be of exceeding richness. If you want to know the exact number of tons I must refer you to the obliging Mabson (*M. O. T.*). I am a bad calculator, and whenever I try to multiply millions, have a distressing tendency to put in either too many or too few noughts.

It was considered most generous and sportsmanlike on Lehmbeck's part to put in his two virgin mynpachts of four hundred claims on only equal terms with the three hundred and fifty claims on the outcrop, a good few of which were worked out. But Lehmbeck could act as well as think imperially when the occasion demanded it. When the proposal was made,

which deliberately forwent any advantage he might reasonably have expected to accrue to him by virtue of the fact that whereas his ground was absolutely intact, the other was not, the guinea-pig boards expressed themselves as highly appreciative of the self-sacrificial proposal, and accepted it with unanimous acclamation. So the Galaxy soared from the horizon to the zenith of the financial firmament, and was very soon quoted in the Stock Exchange lists at £10 per share.

I must now deal with some big figures—a thing which I hate. Like stellar distances, numbers beyond a certain point have no significance for my limited mind. The aggregate number of shares into which the original six outcrop concerns were divided was one million two hundred and fifty thousand. This number was reduced by 50 per cent., each holder receiving one in exchange for the two he formerly held. The outcrop shares were accordingly computed at six hundred and twenty-five thousand, and the mynpacht interests at a like number. The reconstructed concern thus had a share capital of £1,250,000. Of these Lehm-bek held, by virtue of his outcrop interests,

plus those from the mynpachts, £925,000. His shares in the three unpayable outcrop concerns had been long ago bought in by him gradually; their average cost was 2s. 9d. Nine hundred and twenty-five thousand shares is too much for one man to carry in a single concern, so Lehmbek began to sell—not in his own name, of course; that would have been unfair to the other shareholders, no less than to himself. Besides, the majority of the shares were not registered in his own name, but in those of his satraps. The scrip, endorsed in blank, was of course in his hands. Some were in London, some in his strong-room at Johannesburg.

There was a slight boom; rather a spurt. Although carefully engineered, it was a disappointment. However, it served its purpose to a certain extent. You, my friends, under the influence of the fervid periods of Lehmbek's most celebrated speech and the restrained eloquence of the new prospectus, became megalomaniacal. You talked so confidently that you influenced your friends Smith, Thompson, and Williams, men in more or less the same walk of life as yourselves, who had heretofore abstained

from speculation in gold scrip. They invested more than they could well afford in Galaxies. The stock dropped a few points—but what of that? Now, you declared, was the rare opportunity that comes to a man only once or twice in a lifetime. Your fervour was contagious. Other friends of yours invested in Galaxies for the benefit of their families, instead of insuring their lives. Up went the stock again until it again touched £10. Higher it could not go, for Lehmbek kept on selling. He sold, as a matter of fact, about seven hundred and fifty thousand shares. Of course you will understand that all of the proceeds of these did not go into Lehmbek's pocket, for Lehmbek is the chief of a great combine, the members of which work together for mutual profit like the cogs of a huge and complicated machine, and every cog has to receive its quota. But of the amount realised, Lehmbek took about two-thirds.

The new mill got to work; six hundred stamps roared and rumbled; the cyanide tanks emitted their *crème de menthe*-coloured trickle on to the zinc-shavings. The output was rich, for the ore was carefully picked from the reserves—now rapidly dwindling—in the one-time Bimini, Jason,

and Rainbow stopes. This was, as a matter of fact, the only payable ore that the ample area of the Galaxy contained; but the fact was not known except to a select few. Shafts were sunk on the mynpachts, and the Main Reef duly struck in each. Big underground developments were undertaken in the depths of these deep levels, but no ore from their stopes was taken to the mills.

A dividend of 45 per cent. was declared at the end of the year; a large monthly output was recorded; large future dividends were promised by the management. After another weak spurt Galaxies weakened on 'Change. There were two reasons for this—one was the regular, automatic off-loading by Lehmbek whenever the market showed any signs of hardening; the other was due to the leakage of secret information as to the quality of the ore in the new shafts—those tapping the lode in the deep-level ground. In spite of the most elaborately devised precautionary measures, information of this description is bound to leak, sooner or later. These rumours are very sinister indeed. It is, in fact, said, that it was only by picking the eyes out of the reserves

that the output has been maintained, and that the output cannot be kept up at anything like its present grade much longer. That truth is underlying these rumours is rendered probable by the circumstance that all along the reef the ore falls off in quality with deadly regularity, as deep and deeper levels are opened up. It is also said—and I believe with truth—that the ore struck in the Spooft-Makaar and Schlenterfontein shafts does not run more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ dwts. If this be corroborated, it is quite evident that Galaxy is not any longer a payable proposition—that, in fact, it is almost on its last legs.

I think you must now understand how it is that your holdings have depreciated to such a ruinous extent. Lehmbeck declares that they will rise once more—that the Galaxy has been obscured by what is only a passing cloud. But, as I have already pointed out, Lehmbeck is a poet, and the words of poets must not be taken too literally. My own opinion is that Galaxies are doomed. A few more dividends will be paid, for there are still some thousands of tons of payable ore to be mined from the outcrop claims. I fancy that a combined effort towards reintroduction of the Chinese will be

made when there is nothing but the $3\frac{1}{2}$ -dwt. ore left in the Galaxy and other properties. Assuming that Chinese labour would make such ore pay a dividend of 5 per cent. on the face-value of the shares, the thing would not be permanent, for the next level opened up will probably show $2\frac{1}{2}$ dwts., and so on. Besides, I think South Africa has had enough of the Chinaman to last her for several generations.

It is only fair for me to tell you that several very intelligent men differ from me in this matter; they think that many, if not most, of the deep levels are payable. However, I doubt whether such men have had much practical experience in mining, or have talked confidentially, through various midnights and over comforting glasses of whisky, with harassed mine officials—men driven almost to distraction by the cruel pressure exercised by the guinea-pigs to make them increase the output—to do the impossible task of extracting more gold from the ore than exists therein. The guinea-pigs, in their turn, are being driven hard by Lehmbek and the other overlords of the Rand.

These harassed managers know that their position is precarious—that they may any day

be accused of mismanagement and dismissed for alleged incompetence. In such a case they would never again be employed ; they must be kept discredited—on the black list ; for what a discredited man reveals is always discounted in advance. Personally I am, although quite possibly mistaken in my views, absolutely impartial. I have no grievance against Lehmbek : how could I have, when I beat him at his own game ? For when Lehmbek is on the war-path and meets you, he means to have your scalp ; if that does not hang from his well-furnished belt when the fight is over, he feels almost as though he had been beaten. As to his own scalp—but of course that is unthinkable. Moreover, I am candid enough to admit that if I had possessed Lehmbek's skill for strategy, and his weapons, I would probably have tomahawked old Xantippe and built my wigwam at Parktown.

Again. I would not be understood as attempting to argue that there are not any sound mining concerns on the Rand. That would, of course, be a ridiculous thing to do. You might, if so minded and able to afford it, acquire an interest in almost any of those gilt-edged con-

cerns which will, as is well known, pay dividends for many years to come. But I would ask you to realise what is to me irrefragable; namely, that Lehmbeck knows the value of these concerns far, far better than you or I, and that if it pays him to sell certain shares at a given price, it will assuredly not pay us to buy them.

It is quite preposterous for any one of us to try and make money out of Lehmbeck at this game which he has invented and elaborated. You might as well try to beat Roberts at billiards, Sandow at weight-lifting, Jack Johnson at boxing, or Paderewski at playing the piano. Such miracles may, and no doubt some day will be enacted; but not by any of you, my subdued friends, will Lehmbeck ever be bested. Were one of you capable of performing such a gigantic feat, that one would not be buying shares, but selling them.

For my own part, my winnings will remain in the Savings Bank under the guarantee of the Union Government, and I shall continue to draw my modest $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. interest on them.

Lehmbeck, like the last rose of summer, sits blooming on the Rand—alone. All his lovely companions, if they have not faded, have gone.

Occasionally they return for a short season to shed the perfume of their presence over the soil from which they originally bourgeoned. But their visits, like those of angels, become fewer and farther between. Lehmbek, too, will go. He may, if he wishes to do so, close his career in the House of Lords. His patriotism (which I have not touched on, for I wish to avoid giving this book any political complexion), his Imperial way of doing things, and his wealth, all entitle him to a seat in that august assembly. Had he and his co-operators in the Great Confidence Trick which I have attempted to describe been members of the British peerage in 1911, a powerful syndicate would doubtless have been formed to oppose the Veto Bill.

Here I take leave of you—my friends who are holding the baby. You must, I fear, continue to hold it. Lehmbek and I have been too much for you. I will certainly not disgorge. If you attempt to persuade Lehmbek to do so, you will regret it. My sincere advice to you is to abstain from reading any more of his writings, and, above all, never talk to him. And if any one tries to induce you to invest in any concern from which large profits are anticipated—whether

it have for its object the extraction of radium from banana-peel, the manufacture of artificial diamonds (a sore subject with some of Lehmbek's friends), or the recovery of statuary from submerged Atlantis—send the prospectus to me, % the publisher of this book, and do not invest a single shilling until I have advised you on the subject. The fact of Lehmbek's name not appearing on a prospectus does not necessarily imply that he is not concerned in the flotation to which such prospectus relates. You may, perhaps, remember that episode related in the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis, when the dying patriarch exclaimed, "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau." Lehmbek, too, occasionally conceals his hands when they are grasping towards plunder.

But if I refuse to disgorge, I will, at least, have the grace to thank you—not alone for my modest fortune which you so substantially helped to build up, but for this Rand Club—this lordly pleasure-house with the (too crowded) imitation porphyry pillars—in which I spend fruitful hours, and to the use of which for one month per annum my membership of the old Civil Service

Club in Church Square, Cape Town, entitles me. Your money went also towards paying for it and for all the appliances for luxurious comfort which it contains. Yes, I even have to thank you for the sumptuously upholstered arm-chair in which I now sit—scribbling my notes and every now and then nodding familiarly at Asmodeus, who, his tail modestly tucked behind him, grins at me from an adjacent alcove.

CHAPTER VIII

Municipal Johannesburg—Inordinate development—Enormous urban extent—Vreederdorp—The old hunter—Asiatic encroachment—Commissioner Mavrogordato—The Criminal Museum—The slums—Mixed humanity—“Proud of being an Englishwoman”—Slum rents—Fordsburg—Demoralisation—The Chinese and their Club—Suppression of vice—An heroine—An oasis of quiet

THE municipal area of Johannesburg is upwards of eighty square miles in extent, or rather more than two-thirds the size of greater London. It contains 800 square miles of streets; these cost £3,000 per mile to macadamise. The municipal debt is about £8,000,000,* and the valuation for rating purposes, £30,000,000. The rate levied annually is $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ in the pound on the valuation. These are big figures, but they do not seem to depress property owners. One cannot avoid being struck by the disinclination of these people—I mean the inhabitants generally—to look squarely at the future and its

* Including the Water Works debt.

inevitable serious problems. If you suggest to a magnate, or to the owner of valuable property, the likelihood of a shrinkage in the output and a consequent falling off in general business, they either smile pityingly at your unintelligent lack of faith, or else manifest a certain impatience. They do not realise that the outside investor set far more loose money afloat on the Rand than ever the mines did, and that the outside investor's pocket is now not alone closed but double-locked. They are still fevered from the bite of the maggot of megalomania; obsessed by the enormous developments of the past—the halcyon days when the outcrop was yielding anything from 30s. to 60s. per ton profit, and when people scrambled for shares whenever the wild cat mewed. Now they cannot adjust their over-expanded minds to the probable effect of the dwindling yield.

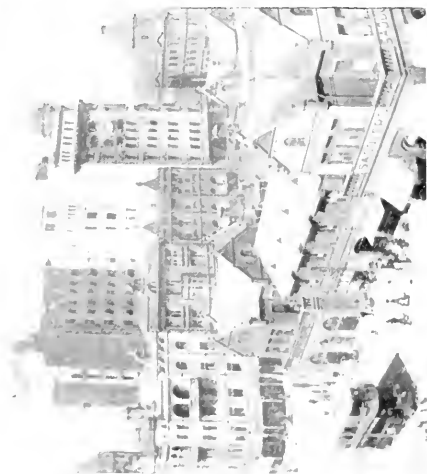
The value of house property is falling; so every one to whom I spoke admitted; yet rents keep up. One has to pay £10 per month for a mere cottage in any respectable suburb. Consequently, building is going on in every direction.

To-day we will ascend to the upper deck of one of the stately “Dreadnought” tram-cars

and explore to eastward. We pass the Carlton Hotel, with its myriad green-shuttered windows looking out towards the four cardinal points of the compass, and glide down Eloff Street. Then we turn to the right and pass the Parade Ground. Turning to the left we pass Joubert Park. From its gates we turn again to the right and are in Doornfontein. Houses—houses everywhere; houses mean, houses stately, and shops. The grounds of nearly every dwelling are hedged with *Macrocarpa*. As we speed on, vista after vista opens out—all filled with houses. After gliding through several miles of Doornfontein we find ourselves in another township, Judith Paarl. This, like the township we have just left, has its own individuality, its shops, its tea-rooms, and its bars. Leaving the tram-line we cross the valley on the right and ascend the hill beyond. On its other side Jeppes Township lies. This in itself is almost a city. Beyond it you will find yet other townships. It is all very wonderful, no doubt; and from the point of view of the builder, the merchant, and the land-speculator, highly satisfactory. But is it going to benefit the country in the long run? Is it not highly dangerous to concentrate a



A SOCIALIST ORATOR ON SUNDAY MORNING,
MARKET SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG.



VIEW S.E. ACROSS MARKET STREET.

non-producing population in such masses, unless permanent employment can be relied upon? These townships we have visited hardly amount to a third of the whole which have grown up on the Rand. Germiston, Benoni, Krugersdorp, Boksburg, and Turffontein are also considerable items—and there are many others.

In the afternoon we visit Vreededorp, which lies on the top of the Rand to the left of the Braamfontein road. This place has an instructive history. The late Republican Government established it as a sort of location for poor Whites—the weakling percentage of the sturdy South African Dutch race. The first responsible Ministry after the war had the place surveyed, and gave title to the occupiers of the different plots. Unfortunately the title was unrestricted; the owners had power to mortgage. This they did, freely—mostly to Indians, Arabs, and Chinamen. Consequently the lots are rapidly passing into Asiatic hands. From the north-west end of the township—which covers a large area and is very populous—the Asiatics are advancing like a wave. The cottages are small; they appear to be, as a rule, densely crowded with children.

An old man with a patriarchal beard leans

over a gate, smoking a much-blackened pipe. I get into conversation with him. He happens to be a native of Philipstown, in the Cape Colony, a village with which I had some acquaintance some years ago. He lives with his son, who is in municipal employ. There are three generations in the little cottage he inhabits; Heaven only knows where they find room to sleep. The premises look generally unsavoury, so the cup of coffee hospitably offered is declined with somewhat mendacious apologies.

Farther on I foregather with another bearded patriarch, a man whose bent frame suggests that he possessed considerable strength when young. He comes from the north-eastern Transvaal and now lives here with a married daughter. Ruined during the war, he drifted down to the Rand, seeking bread. His old wife died in a Concentration Camp. When I convince him that in old days I hunted over the Low Country lands with which he was familiar, he trembles with excitement, lays a hand on my shoulder, and gazes with moist eyes into my face. Poor old man! he is keenly conscious of the wretched existence he now drags out. He becomes eloquent over



UNDESIRABLE ALIENS WHO WERE DEPORTED (FEMALES).

the splendour of his early days—days of ecstasy, when he was lord of sumptuous desert tracts which were stocked with God's own cattle, the wild game. His hand shakes so with the excitement due to recounting his feats with the rifle, that he drops his pipe. He tells me of the buffalo and giraffe that he laid low, of the occasion of his killing two lions with as many shots in the wonderland of the Letaba Valley, of his camps which were fenced with the horns of big game he and his brethren laid low. The fate of this old man struck me as being piteous in the extreme. However, perhaps like myself he reaps consolation in his dreams. No doubt memory brings back to him those glorious, forest-footed mountains down the gorges of which the crystal streams leap and foam, the wide savannahs thickly gemmed with dark-green groves, the wild game in endless variety, the glorious sense of freedom. But to awake in Vreededorp—

The Asiatic encroachment at this place reminds me of something I heard on good authority in more than one quarter. It was said that as a small trader the Jew cannot compete against either the Arab or the Chinaman, and that the

latter cannot stand against the Hindoo. At one time the Jew did nearly all the retail trading on the outskirts; now he is being gradually driven in towards the centre of Asiatic competition.

One of the most important institutions of Johannesburg is Commissioner Mavrogordato, Chief of the Police. It is probably no exaggeration to say that Mr. Mavrogordato knows and shadows every important criminal before the latter has been three months on the Rand. Under the provisions of the Aliens Law it has been possible, as it were, to run a fine-tooth comb through the Rand from one end to the other, and to deport hundreds of foreign undesirables of both sexes. Since this was done, life and property have been very much safer than they were before. Taking into consideration the extent of the Rand, its mixed population, and the small proportion females bear to males, the comparative immunity from serious crime is very remarkable, and reflects great credit on the police organisation.

A most interesting place is the Mavrogordato Museum. It is a great pity that this unique collection of instruments devised for criminal



UNDESIRABLE ALIENS WHO WERE DEPORTED (MALES).

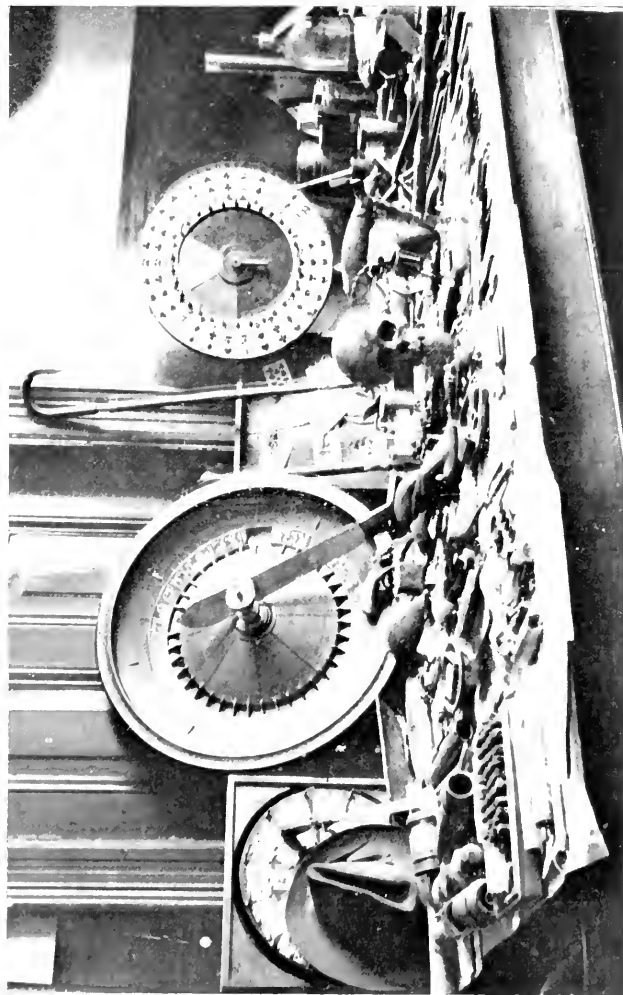
ends and objects associated with serious or remarkable crimes is not differently housed. It is too huddled ; the room is too small to admit of the multitude of objects being arranged for convenient examination.

One of the specimens here is probably the most murderous weapon of its kind ever devised. It is a combined revolver, dagger, and knuckle-duster. The thing is most beautifully made. The knuckle-duster forms the stock of the revolver. Touch a spring at the side and out darts a narrow blade of steel to a distance of about six inches beyond the muzzle. Should shot and steel fail, a jerk of the hand places the pistol and the knife alongside the wrist, and the knuckle-duster is ready for action. With the weight of metal attached to one's fist, a blow heavy enough to fell an ox might be struck. It is believed that this beautiful example of criminal ingenuity was manufactured in Belgium.

It would be vain to attempt to describe even a hundredth part of what this museum contains ; probably every crime ever perpetrated in Europe or Asia has here its symbol. There are, of course, gambling instruments of every known description, from roulette boards to cogged dice and

marked cards. There is coiners' plant, including dies, smelting crucibles, and moulds. There are imitation diamonds, both cut and uncut, and ingots of "schlenter" gold, designed to cheat the cheaters. There are opium pipes, stills for making spirits, burglars' tools, sandbags, and life-preservers. One exhibit was a kind of purse in three divisions. In two of these were obscene pictures, in the third about a tablespoonful of broken fragments of *Cantharis vesicatoria*.

In the photograph shown on the opposite page may be seen a knife with an immense blade. This is one of the weapons with which the Chinamen who escaped from the compounds armed themselves when they went about in gangs, terrorising people on the outskirts. If the question of the reintroduction of Chinese labour is ever before Parliament, I trust that this weapon may be placed, next to the mace, before the Speaker. Another interesting object is a battle-axe made by clamping a saddler's knife to a Native's club. The knife is shaped like a half-moon, and measures about six inches along the straight side; the curve is ground to a sharp edge. This class of weapon was much affected by members of the "Amalita" gang, an or-



IN THE MAUROGORDATO MUSEUM.

ganisation of lawless Natives which has not yet been completely broken up. There being a keen demand for such knives, an enterprising Jewish trader imported some hundreds, and did an excellent trade by selling them to the Natives.

Mr. Mavrogordato was good enough to place at my disposal Detective Scott, to whom I am indebted for some educative experiences. Mr. Scott introduced me to the dwellers of certain urban quarters in which the police are compelled to take a lively interest. I was much struck by the apparently friendly feeling existing between the questionable characters whose acquaintances I made and the members of the force. Without making any definite statements on the subject I fostered the idea that I, too, was a detective. This made it possible for me to go about by myself in comparative safety. So long as the detective observes certain conventions his efforts towards the detection of crime are not resented by the criminals; the game is expected to be played on each side according to mutually recognised rules. In the course of my evening strolls I made the acquaintance of a number of more or less interesting scoundrels of both sexes and of all colours and

nationalities, and spent some interesting hours in their society.

Most of these people live in veritable warrens of galvanised iron. Narrow lanes between rows of low-roofed rooms thread through blocks comprising several building lots. In these rooms may be found a wonderfully mingled collection of humans. In one comparatively small slum-warren I found Europeans of various nationalities—Indians, Chinese, Arabs, Japanese, Kaffirs, and miscellaneous coloured people of every hue. Men, women, and children seem to be mixed promiscuously. Some of the rooms were fairly clean; others reeked of filth. In one or two I found a cleanliness and neatness which, when one took the surroundings into consideration, was almost pathetic.

One room, occupied by a Chinaman and his light-coloured concubine, was crowded with knick-knacks. On the walls were many pictures. There was an oleograph of Titian's Venus facing a print of the Consort of the Queen of Holland. One or two of the Chinese pictures struck me as being rather good.

In the same slum I made the acquaintance of an elderly European woman who was apparently

living with a Coolie. Misled by her accent, I asked her what part of the Cape Colony she came from. With many lurid oaths she repudiated being a Colonist. She would, she assured me, be — well ashamed to belong to such a — country as South Africa. No; she was an Englishwoman, born and bred, so she was, and was — well proud of the circumstance. What sort of a — (this, that, and the other) was I, she wanted to know, to take her for a — nigger? I subsequently ascertained that this lady had twice “done time.” She had served a sentence of six months for illicit liquor-dealing, and a like period for keeping a brothel for Natives.

One old European man I was very sorry for. He made a stinted and precarious livelihood by selling newspapers. He was not unhappy; his only anxiety appeared to be lest he should not be able to save enough during the week to get drunk on Saturday night. He said that the din in the slum was so fearful then, that it was only by getting dead drunk that he could manage to get to sleep; and he assured me that he never touched liquor at any other time.

An elderly Japanese woman told me that she had been a tea-house girl at Nagasaki. From

there she went to Singapore, where she married a Chinaman. Him she accompanied to Sumatra, and afterwards to Mauritius, where her husband killed another man in a brawl, and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. From Mauritius she went to Natal as servant to an officer's wife. When I made her acquaintance she was living with another Chinaman.

I made a very careful examination of one typical slum-warren. It is situated on a fifty-foot lot in Anderson Street, and belongs to a firm whose members bear the suggestive names, respectively, of Abramowitz and Leschnik. The lot is exactly filled by two buildings standing back to back, and separated by a narrow passage. Each house is divided longitudinally by a partition, and thus contains two rows of rooms, one of which rows opens into the street and the other into the passage. The rooms are small, and are crowded with men, women, and children to an almost inconceivable degree. When I attempted to take a photograph of the passage with a typical crowd occupying it, all except a few children took cover in the rooms. I was unable to persuade them to emerge and be snapshotted. Conscience evidently made

cowards of them all, and my proposed action was not sanctioned by the recognised code. The whole shack, as it stood, was not worth £100. As nearly as I could ascertain, the rents drawn therefrom amounted to £29 per month.

Most of the slum properties belong to foreign Jews, but there are exceptions to this rule. A friend of mine who manages a large business at Johannesburg found himself cramped for room, and accordingly wished to extend one of his buildings. At the back of the latter was a slum, the property of one of the larger banks. He wrote to the manager, stating his wish to purchase the slum-site. The manager stated his willingness to sell, and added that he would communicate with his agent on the subject as to the price and report further. A few days afterwards he again wrote, saying that the property could not be sold, as it was bringing in a larger revenue than he could expect from any other class of investment.

I mentioned these and other slums during the course of a conversation with the Town Clerk. He took up what was to me a most extraordinary attitude on the subject. It would, he said, be a most unwarrantable intrusion upon vested

interests to interfere with any slum which was in existence before the Johannesburg Municipal Act came into force. I endeavoured to make him see that when an Act of Parliament was designed for the abatement of nuisances, as the Act he mentioned undoubtedly was, the interests involved in the perpetuation of such nuisances were never regarded as vested ones. When I showed him how the *reductio ad absurdum* followed, he appeared to get annoyed. Of course the position he took up was too absurd to call for serious attack. I fancy the fact is that those interested in the immense profits drawn from slum property have so much municipal influence that no councillor attempting to clean things up could hope to hold his seat.

It was surprising to note the keen interest which was being taken in the then forthcoming municipal elections. In the Cape Colony, elections of this class seldom attract much attention. This is, of course, much to be deplored, for the consequence is that a Sisyphus-load of debt is being piled up in almost every town and village, and the value of urban property has, in consequence, fallen heavily. But at Johannesburg the various candidates employed agents, hired

offices, and advertised largely both by poster and in the press. There appeared to be as much interest shown (if not more) as one sees elsewhere in a Parliamentary election. According to circumstances, this is either a very good or a very bad sign.

The sudden transition from splendour to squalor on the western side of the city is very striking. The tract opposite the Ferreira Mine area appears to be inhabited almost exclusively by European foreigners of the poorer class and coloured people. The houses are small and badly overcrowded. There are many shops; one wonders how on earth they can all be made to pay. In this vicinity and, in fact, almost everywhere on the fringes of the city, are numbers of working jewellers. It is said, but I do not know with how much truth, that many of these live on the illicit gold trade.

Trending slightly to the northward, one reaches Fordsburg, a wilderness of mean streets. This township is much affected by Dutch people of the poorer class. Among these, so I am informed, a great deal of disease and demoralisation exists. Many of their children engage in the illicit liquor traffic. They carry liquor out

at night among the dumps or into the veld, and there dispose of it to Natives. The demoralisation is not to be wondered at. These people, now so cruelly poor, come of a stock that for several generations never knew what it was to lack the necessaries of life. They were accustomed to a healthy, rural life, with plenty of room ; there was never any necessity for strenuous exertion. Suddenly the conditions changed ; they were flung into surroundings which were strange, difficult, demoralising, and full of temptation. The wits of these people, effective enough in the healthy environment of the veld, were as impotent on the Rand as fins would be in the Sahara desert. Few of these " Poor Whites " have any settled employment ; they appear to live principally by picking up odd jobs. Their doom is, I fear, an inevitable sinking from low to lower. There is no public opinion or other healthful influence to keep them straight. It is, of course, of the majority that I speak, but there is always a remnant that may save Israel.

One evening I paid a visit to " The United Chinese Club," which is situated at the corner of Commissioner and Wallater Streets, down towards Fordsburg. There was some difficulty



DURING THE CHINESE INVASION.

in effecting an entrance ; for a long time knocking brought no response. Eventually some one came to the door, but it took quite five minutes before an elaborate combination of bars, chains, and locks could be undone and the door opened. I have little doubt but that " fan tan," opium smoking, or some other diversion forbidden by the Police Regulations was being indulged in when the interruption came, and that the delay was purposely contrived so that the evidences of such diversion might be concealed.

The bland Mongolian who acted as janitor invited me to enter. The building was a large and comfortable one, fitted with many conveniences—such as electric fans and roll-top desks. There were quite a number of members on the premises ; the billiard room, which contained two tables, was full. There was not the slightest sign of disorder or dissipation.

Under the guidance of Mr. Le Tok, Chairman of the Club, I went all over the establishment, from attic to cellar. Excepting the members, there was but little that was purely Chinese in evidence. A suite of furniture, of dark wood and inlaid, a few pictures, some bowls and chopsticks in the dining-room, and a large number of

newspapers in Chinese type, were all I saw that came from the Flowery Land. The premises were scrupulously clean; the lavatory arrangements were excellent. There were eighteen comfortable bedrooms; the kitchen was evidently in charge of a skilled chef.

This Club has a membership of over six hundred. Candidates are elected by ballot. The entrance fee is £1, and the monthly subscription 2s. 6d. Mr. Mavrogordato told me that the establishment is not always in the condition of tranquillity in which I found it. Some little time ago a row took place there, in the course of which several men were fatally knifed.

The Chinese were much in evidence in certain circles in the days when they filled the compounds. Strenuous gambling was the order of the day, and the many lost a considerable proportion of their money to the skilful or fortunate few. The latter, gorgeously attired, used to hold high revel in questionable quarters and spend their winnings royally on the European *demi-monde*. Consequently they stood in great favour with the fair and frail.

The result of the strict enforcement of the



THE CELESTIAL AND HIS BRIDE.

Morality Law at Johannesburg and on the Rand generally has been, I fear, evil. There were, of course, grave moral scandals which had to be suppressed, and Mr. Mavrogordato has effectually suppressed them. Hundreds of Continental scoundrels of both sexes, either engaged in or living from the proceeds of the oldest and the worst of professions, have been turned out of the country, and the country is so far the better. But the evil has raised its head in another form. History teems with instances of the unsuccess of efforts towards what may be called the mechanical suppression of that vice which need not here be specified. The main result of the efforts made at Johannesburg has been, I think, that the stream has been deflected into other and more harmful channels.

Given the existence of certain elements which are inevitable ingredients in every large city, but of which there is an especially strong admixture existing at Johannesburg, I cannot see how any other result could have been anticipated. But although the vice in question cannot be eradicated by mechanical means, it can and should be controlled.

I heard a great deal of vague allusion to the

supposed number of irregular unions between men who cannot or are unwilling to marry and girls employed in shops, as typists and as waitresses. Absolutely nothing suggestive of such a thing came under my personal notice. That the practice exists to a certain extent in all large cities, that modern conditions tend towards the increase of irregular unions of the description alluded to, is no doubt true. It is also evident that the conditions of life at Johannesburg—the expense of living, the insecurity of tenure, and the general sense of impermanence which is, so to say, in the air—should be more than ordinarily calculated to foster such unions. There is no doubt that girls employed in the various business establishments are often scandalously underpaid. Seven or eight pounds per month appears to be the usual salary paid to a junior female employee. If a girl's parents live on the Rand she will come out all right, but an unfriended girl who attempts to live on such a salary must find herself in a terrible position. She will not be able to get a suitable living-room for less than £3 per month. If she stays in any of the suburbs her tram-fare will cost at least sixpence per day. I endeavoured to make

inquiries as to the rates of pay at several of the larger shops, but could get no information.

The following case, told to me on unimpeachable authority, deserves to be recorded. A young girl, pretty, lady-like, and refined, was employed as a typist at £7 per month. After paying £3 for her room, she was left with £4 on which to dress and board. One day she failed to attend at her office. Inquiries were instituted and it was found that she was lying ill in her room. A medical man was called in; he diagnosed that the girl was suffering from simple starvation. She had been trying to live on one meal a day—obtained at the price of a shilling at a third-class restaurant—and a few bananas. It is not every girl who is made of such sterling stuff as was this one.

Even a very few days spent in the blatant, dusty, strenuous atmosphere of Johannesburg fill one with longing for the clean solitude of the veld. A taste of this can be obtained more easily than one might suppose. Take train to Roodepoort; from the station there turn back for a few hundred yards on the northern side of the line and stroll over the stony ridge on your left. You will soon find a rocky depression in

the folds of which you may lie down, fairly safe from interruption, and dream. Beneath you is the hard-bitten earth; above you, haply, a fleecy stream of unconnected clouds trailing out of the west, their fringes low—so low that they occasionally veil the top of the ridge. These are the vapour-heralds of coming rain. From some denser squadron of the far-flung legions sounds an occasional mutter of thunder.

Here is a grateful oasis of quiet in a desert of feverish, and possibly futile, energy. Here you will see no living thing except, perhaps, a few lean-flanked cattle, a worn-out donkey, and the insects unconcernedly plying their trades. The “tok-tokkie” beetles, the little sulphur-winged butterflies, and the humble veld flowers will greet you like old friends; and the very stones seem to smile an assurance of the fortunate circumstance that no gold lies in the depths beneath them.

CHAPTER IX

Labour and the Native—The compounds—Mortality—Vice—
Illicit liquor—Demoralisation—Abnormal conditions—Sym-
pathetic management—A suggested experiment

IT is a constant grievance with managers and mine-owners that Natives insist on returning to their homes after working at the mines for six months or thereabouts. I am now speaking of the Cape Colony Natives, who are undoubtedly the best workers. But to any one who will take the trouble to examine the question, it will soon become apparent that if such Natives were to remain at the Rand for long, indefinite periods, the consequences would be disastrous.

I have shown elsewhere that it is the beneficial habit of going home to his kraal at the end of a definite spell of work that protects the Native to a large extent from miners' phthisis, which in his case is not nearly so fatal a scourge as it is to the European miner, who works continuously. Again, of the Native population

on the Rand, upwards of 95 per cent. are males. Now, if you keep masses of uncivilised men permanently, or for long, indefinite periods away from every healthful influence implied in the term family life, if you give them no legitimate opportunity of exercising the most dominant function of animal nature, you are apt to turn them into mere brutes. This is more especially the case when the environment in which these people are placed is full of demoralising influences. Evil of one kind or another is the inevitable result of any great disproportion of the sexes among human beings; this should be obvious, one would think, to any one with even a rudimentary knowledge of human nature. If those thoughtless persons who wish to keep the Native at the Rand permanently without his womankind had their way, the "Black Peril," now much exaggerated, would become a very real peril indeed. But demoralisation in other directions—demoralisation wholesale and far-reaching—would inevitably set in if the Native were to be permanently cut off from his family, his kraal, his fields, and his cattle. This would not, possibly, affect the output to any great extent, but it must undoubtedly have very



IN THE NATIVE "FAMILY" COMPOUND, GLENCAIRN MINE.

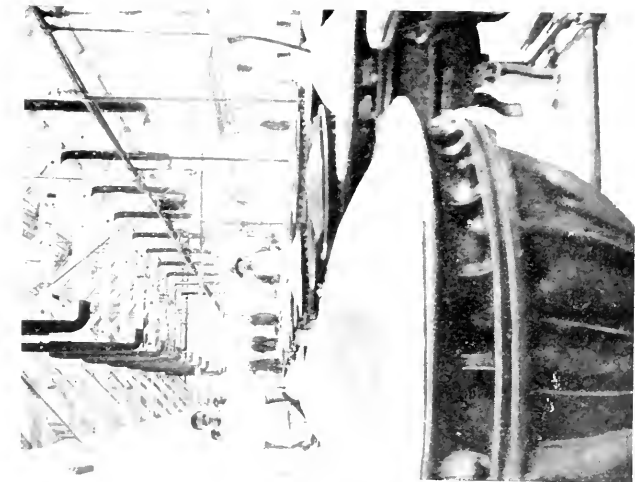
serious results for those whose home is South Africa, and who, through their families, have a stake in the future.

I have heard on good authority that a number of the Europeans under whom immediately the Natives work, prefer the less robust—and consequently less capable—East Coast or tropical Native to the southern Bantu, for the reason that the former can be knocked about and the other cannot; at all events with impunity. The southern Bantu is a good fighting man, and is quite as plucky as the average European. He will often stand a blow or a kick, if he feels that he deserves it; but not otherwise. There are recorded instances of European bosses or overseers having been found unconscious in some dark stope, with wounds which had evidently been inflicted from behind. I believe that in every such instance the injured man was a notorious bully. In South Africa and, I suppose, wherever a lower race takes to labour for the dominant intruder, there is a tendency on the part of the latter to become a sort of slave-driver. Ill-tempered men, or those addicted to intemperance, often feel it almost imperative that they should work off their spleen by in-

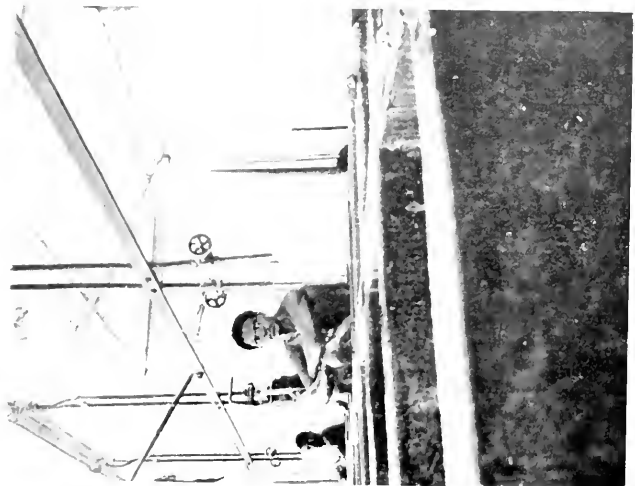
flicting violence on some sentient being—be it wife, servant, or dog. In the depths of the mine many opportunities for bullying exist. The Native from the Tropics will often patiently endure violence unjustly inflicted; the Native from the temperate regions will not. Hence the preference on the part of European miners of a certain class for the former.

During my visit to the Rand I visited many of the compounds in which Natives are housed. In almost all of these I found a high standard of comfort maintained. The Natives had enough—and occasionally more than enough—to eat; the food was well prepared and wholesome. At many of the mines there is a weekly or bi-weekly issue of excellent Kaffir beer. Experience has shown that the more beer a Native gets the more sober he remains. This apparent paradox is easily explained. It is only occasionally that beer intoxicates a Native; even then it does not demoralise him to any appreciable extent. But as soon as the Native can get brandy, he becomes both drunken and demoralised.

The sleeping accommodation in the compounds consists of raised platforms, or broad shelves,



COMPOUND KITCHEN, CROWN MINES.



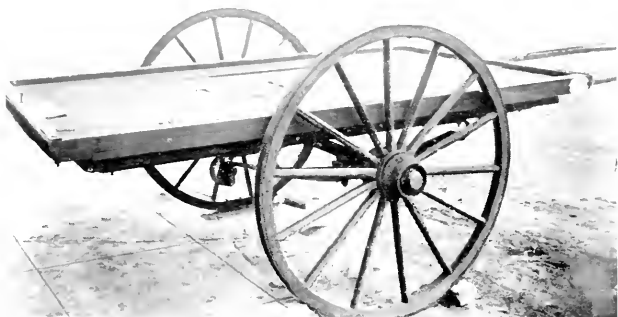
NATIVES IN WARM BATHS, CROWN MINES.

placed one above the other. There is, as a rule, far too much ventilation. The medical faddist evidently had a heavy finger in the regulation pie, for the regulations provide for an air-space in the sleeping-quarters which is not alone superfluous, but is positively harmful. Natives, for countless generations back, probably for many thousands of years, have slept crowded together in small huts from which air is, so far as possible, excluded. Nevertheless they are a healthy and vigorous race—or were until they came in contact with the European. Over-ventilation is, I am persuaded, responsible for a great deal of the pneumonia in the compounds.

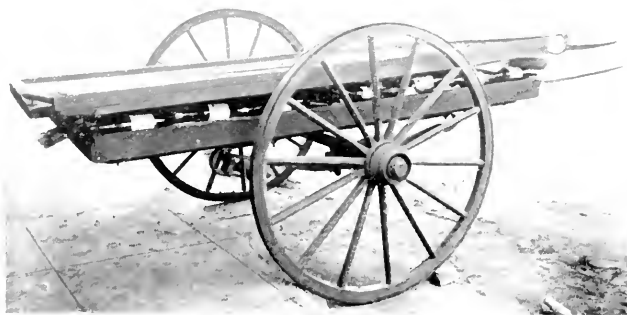
There is, I fancy—at all events, among the East Coast and tropical Natives—far more mortality from pneumonia than from phthisis. Wherever tropical Natives are employed, shower-baths, graded as to temperature, are now required by the Mining Regulations to be provided. When such a Native emerges from the shaft, he enters a narrow passage over which a succession of showers fall. The first one he comes under is hot, the next slightly cooler, and so on until he reaches the last, which is cold. This provides for a gradual closing of the pores,

and so prevents the evil consequences incidental to a sudden chill. There is no lack of hot water in the vicinity of the mines ; in fact, you see various devices for cooling water which has flowed through the machinery, down to such a point as will admit of its being used again. In some of the compounds there are baths twenty feet wide, into which a current of hot water constantly flows. In these and in the small iron tanks of the wash-houses one may often see the labourers thoroughly enjoying themselves.

I have now to refer to a most unpleasant subject: to refer to one of those evils incidental to the disproportion of the sexes which is so marked in the vicinity of the mines. It is an undoubted fact that the Natives from some of the East Coast recruiting areas, as well as from parts of the Tropics, are addicted to those unnatural vices which, according to Holy Writ, occasioned the destruction of the Cities of the Plain. I fear that Natives from Basutoland have, to a certain extent, been demoralised by the example of their northern room-mates. The Shangaan Natives are the worst offenders. I should not like to think that there was any danger of the Natives from the Cape Colony



HAND-CART FOR CONVEYING SUPPLIES TO COMPOUND (NO. 1).



HAND CART FOR CONVEYING SUPPLIES TO COMPOUND NOTE THE BOTTLES (NO. 2).

being contaminated in this direction. In view, however, of the signs of demoralisation I observed, it is to be feared there is at least a possibility. With the view of checking the evil, a regulation was framed under which the partitioning off of sleeping-places is forbidden under a heavy penalty. But I found that in many instances the regulation was absolutely disregarded.

There is a stringent law against the supplying of strong drink to Natives ; nevertheless a great deal of brandy finds its way into the compounds. Most of the men have money and are prepared to pay highly for the opportunity of indulging in intemperance. The illicit traffic in drink is the special province of two classes, the " Poor Whites " and the low-class Jews. The two illustrations on page 235 will show how an innocent hand-cart, designed for the purpose of conveying ordinary supplies to the compounds, was altered for purposes of the liquor traffic. Sometimes the smuggler will steal up at night and dig a hole in the soft sand close to the compound wall, and place the bottles in it. The Natives then dig up the floor, just opposite, and tunnel under the wall until the bottles are reached.

Where irregularities such as I have indicated are condoned or winked at, a compound is apt to become popular at the expense of others which are well conducted. Many of the Natives have become so enslaved by the passion for strong drink that they will cheerfully endure bad food and general discomfort for the sake of occasionally obtaining poisonous spirits, or of not having their conduct too closely scrutinised.

One thing I was struck with was the lack of decency evinced by many of the Cape Natives ; among these one could see signs of demoralisation—of weakening self-respect. The Bantu of the south, in their natural condition, have many of the best characteristics of the gentleman. Many of the things they do are apt to strike one with disapproval ; on the other hand, they have their own fixed code of manners, and that contains many elements of refinement. In the compounds I noticed many little acts of vulgarity, of indecency, which if they had been committed at a kraal in Kaffirland would have caused the perpetrator to be ostracised among Natives of the better class.

A fact which is too often lost sight of is this : the prosperity of the Rand is based upon con-



HOSPITAL AT CROWN MINES.

ditions which are abnormal and disintegrating. It has been attained through wrenching hundreds of thousands of men from their proper environment and forcing them to live a life which not alone acts as a destructive solvent upon their ethical code, but is apt to turn ordinary human emotions into explosive passions. Some people smile at the notion of the Native having any code which could be referred to as ethical, but their doing so only betrays their ignorance. In no people in the world is the aristocratic idea developed to such an extent as among the southern Bantu. It might almost be said that loyalty to their chiefs and to the great ancestral "houses" was a greater deterrent, as regards wrong-doing (according to their own code, of course), than the fear of hell or the hope of heaven ever were to the Christian. It is this loyalty which, in the Cape Native Territories, enables a magistrate, with no more assistance than the subsidised headmen and six Native constables, to effectively rule fifty thousand people. And when contact with the corrosive fringe of European civilisation has destroyed this sentiment, our real difficulties with the Natives will commence.

When one comes to think of it, these Natives are an extraordinarily law-abiding lot. I will venture to say that there is no part of the world in which life and property is so safe as in that tract—which contains approximately a million inhabitants—lying between the Cape Colony and Natal, and that in no country effectively governed is so little spent on police. Even at the Rand, where such a large number of Natives have become utterly degraded and demoralised, there is comparatively little Native crime. That this demoralisation is not more widespread is accounted for by the circumstances that the Natives insist upon going home after some six months' work. It is not, perhaps, generally known that only a few years ago there were large brothels at Johannesburg filled with European women who catered for the Native only. Perhaps, too, the large number of Europeans involved in the illicit liquor traffic is not realised, or, if realised, not taken into account as a demoralising factor.

Two things are necessary towards keeping the Native in a manageable condition. One is that he should be kept in touch with his ancestral "house," his family, and his kraal; the other



HOSPITAL AT CROWN VINE (INSIDE VIEW).

that he should not have his faith in the White Man's tribunals shaken. If many cases such as a recent one tried at Bulawayo occur, it will, undoubtedly, be weakened, if not destroyed. If the following extract from the Johannesburg *Star* of September 15th, 1911, be a correct report—and I have not seen it contradicted—it will not inspire confidence in the White Man's justice :

“ SENTENCED IN CAMERA

“ (Reuter's South African Service)

“ MARITZBURG, *Friday* (15th September 1911).—The local *Times* severely comments on the action of the City Magistrate for hearing *in camera* a case in which a Native is charged with having immoral relations with a young white woman. The court in secret sentenced the Native to eighteen months' imprisonment, while the woman, after another secret hearing, was acquitted. Questioned why the matter was kept secret, the Magistrate stated it was on the ground of public policy.

“ The *Times* contends that while it was legitimate to hear certain portions of the evidence in camera, the British sense of justice demands

that the decision of the Court should be made in public. Otherwise a sense of public insecurity is caused, as well as (*sic*) arousing a sense of injustice in the minds of the Natives."

Assuming the circumstances to have been as reported, surely the white woman was as guilty as the black man. Why, therefore, punish the latter and let the former go free? It will be noticed that this aspect of the case does not appear to have struck the *Times*, which would appear to be indignant only at the exclusion of its reporters.

The very best compound that I visited on the Rand was one at the Crown Mines, just to the westward of Johannesburg. The manager, Mr. Lawrence, belongs to that class which the unthinking refer contemptuously to as Negrophilists. That is to say, he realises that the Native is a human being, with rights to be considered; that the more justly and considerately you treat him the more satisfactory will he be as a servant.

In this compound the Natives were comfortable and contented. The Government Regulations were, so far as I could judge, strictly



COTTAGES OCCUPIED BY SOUTH AFRICAN
DUTCH MINERS, CROWN MINES.



VIEW EASTWARD FROM THE LANGLAAGTE
HEAD-GEAR.

enforced. I met and conversed here with several Natives who came from Nqamakwe—one of the districts of the Transkei in which I once held administrative control. They expressed themselves as being quite satisfied with local conditions. The wise care for the welfare and comfort of the Natives in this compound extended to minute details. For instance, I found a veritable plague of flies in other compounds in the vicinity; here, however, there was hardly a fly to be seen. This was accounted for by the fact that Clarke's Fly Powder was set about in troughs. There was an excellently equipped brewery, which was in charge of an elderly Native woman. The beer was of good quality.

The hospital connected with this compound was ideal. It contained 430 beds of the Lawson Tait pattern. The medical and nursing staffs appeared to be efficient and attentive.

Within the Crown Mines' area I visited another compound—one inhabited by Natives who had their families living with them. The rooms, although somewhat crowded, were clean and neatly kept. The women and children looked healthy and contented.

An interesting experiment is being made at the Crown Mines in respect of white labour. Forty comfortable cottages have been built for the housing of young married men belonging to the country. Most of these are occupied by Dutch South Africans. These begin as learners, with pay at the rate of eight shillings per diem. For the cottage they pay 10s. per month; this charge includes the cost of water, lighting, and sanitary services. By paying 12s. per annum to a benefit society, they can get medical attendance.

After a few months' service a capable man may expect a rise of wages. A man named van Heerden, from Graaff Riet, was drawing, after sixteen months' service, 13s. 4d. per day, and was expecting within a few days a further increase. Another man, who was drilling as a contractor underground, was making £50 per month. This man had shown exceptional ability.

Were it not for the menacing spectre of miners' phthisis, this experiment would appear to promise well. Under current conditions, however, the greater number of these men are doomed to an early death. Within a very few

years the tissues of their lungs will begin to deteriorate, and they will be placed in the position of having to choose between a quick death below the ground and pauperism on the surface. Herein lies an opportunity for further experiment. Let each of these men learn two branches of mining work—one on the surface and the other in the depths. A certain loss of efficiency would, of course, be involved; on the other hand, there would be a considerable saving of life. Allow no man to work more than three months at a stretch below the surface; after he has done his spell there, employ him for a like period at the batteries or the slimes. This method would give his lung-tissues an opportunity of expelling the angular, microscopic atoms of stone with which their delicate surface bristles, and eliminating the deposit of noxious products which continued breathing of dynamite fumes has occasioned in their breath-cells.

Needless to say, all the men would not be exchanged at the same time; 33 per cent. might be moved up and down each month. I am assuming that approximately the same number of Europeans are employed below the surface as above. If not, the proportion could be ad-

justed by slightly altering the respective periods of surface and underground work. No doubt a slight check in the matter of development would result, but this would be counterbalanced by obvious advantages.

CHAPTER X

Mr. Cresswell—His opinions—White labour *versus* the recruiting system—Taxation of land values—The spirit of rush—Over-capitalisation—The final debit and credit—Farewell to the Rand

ONE of the most interesting men I met on the Rand was Mr. F. H. P. Cresswell, who is the leader of the Labour Party and a member of the Union Parliament. It is to him more than to any one else that the thanks of South Africa are due for the repatriation of the Chinese. Mr. Cresswell is a mining engineer by profession. By taking up the particular line of Labour Leader he has placed himself in direct opposition to the small but all-powerful ring that practically controls the Rand. He has thus cut himself deliberately away from the principal sources of corn, of wine, and of oil. There is something heroic in his action. When the lift took me to the topmost story of the tall building run up by the National Bank next to the "Corner House,"

in which he has his office, I could not make up my mind as to whether it was Ajax or Prometheus he reminded me of. But just as Cresswell he is interesting enough.

At the risk of being thought egotistical, I will say briefly that I totally disagree with Mr. Cresswell on the two most important points we discussed. He believes that the majority of the mines have a long and a prosperous future before them. I have endeavoured to show why I think otherwise. No other practical man with whom I discussed the question confidentially took Mr. Cresswell's view.

He declares that whenever there is any talk of taxing the industry or promulgating regulations having for their object the improvement of mining conditions, there is a rending of gaberdines on the part of the magnates, and a wail to the effect that the industry is at its last gasp. He declares, further, that by picking the ore a little more closely, the yield might be sent up 1 dwt. to the ton, and the output correspondingly increased.

If the Rand, as a gold-field, included only, say, the best ten or a dozen mines among the sixty which are working, I would agree fully with Mr.

Cresswell. Fifteen years ago his opinion would have been sound as applied to a considerable number more. As regards the great majority of the mines working to-day, I believe Mr. Cresswell to be completely, but quite honestly mistaken.

Mr. Cresswell, as a pendant to his other proposition, shows that whenever the magnates want to draw the public in, they paint the future of the industry in the most glowing terms. This, of course, is true and over true. But the paint has lost its brilliance—or else the public have gained sense. Some of the speeches made by political magnates are suffused with the loftiest and most perfervid optimism. But there is a very safe and simple antidote to the sanguine and hectic state of mind apt to be induced by this style of oratory: just turn to a file of prospectuses fifteen years old and peruse the flowery periods used to describe properties floated under this orator's auspices. If he were mistaken then—if he misdescribed things with which he should have been familiar before foisting them on the investing public—if he practically guaranteed a rich return from ground which has since been proved to be absolutely barren

of any possibility of profit, is it not a fair inference that he may be mistaken in his present optimism ?

The other point upon which I venture to disagree with Mr. Cresswell is in respect of his plan to substitute, to a considerable extent, white for black labour. Mr. Cresswell points out that the present code of labour regulations are the Magna Charta of the Recruiting System, and that the effect of this system is to drain South Africa generally of its labour supply for the exclusive benefit of one industry, and to close the avenues to that industry to Europeans.

Mr. Cresswell's proposal towards bringing about the end he has in view is a simple one : it is merely to do away with the Recruiting System and to put both black and white miners under one law. As the law stands at present a breach of contract on the part of a white miner is not a criminal offence ; it is one in respect of which only a civil remedy lies. A black man, however, can under such circumstances be dealt with under the criminal law. Give European and Native equally a fair field, and the former will hold his own. It is the artificial bolstering up

of black labour by special laws, the encouraging and assisting the Native to come to the Rand and coercing him when he gets there, that makes black labour formidable. Mr. Cresswell, of course, fully recognises that these special laws are not in any way devised for the benefit of the black man himself, but for the magnate who handles him in masses and who cares no more for his ultimate welfare than does a farmer for that of a disused ploughshare.

Black labour is, under present conditions, quite inarticulate. Black men often have to work in a mine they know to be dangerous, but they dare not refuse to risk their lives; they have to choose between the imminent risk of getting killed or the certainty of being punished for refusal of duty by the magistrate before whom they may be tried. For in the case of a prosecution the plea of a black man that ground is dangerous would naturally never be believed in the face of all the expert evidence to the contrary which the contractor, only interested in getting out the greatest number of tons in the smallest number of days, could bring. The general effect of the system is to curtail the black man's personal liberty and right of private

judgment on subjects regarding which every human being should be allowed freely to judge for himself, and to continually undermine the position of the white labourer throughout the country.

I fully agree with every one of Mr. Cresswell's arguments. His reasons, so far as they go, are irrefragable, but there are others which must be taken into consideration. If Mr. Cresswell can reduce the European mortality from miners' phthisis by 75 per cent., I will be with him. I fully believe that the putting of his plan into operation would shut down quite half the mines that are being worked at present—but that would not matter so much; the advantages to be gained in the long run would more than compensate for the immediate set-back. Mr. Cresswell firmly believes that the ravages of the scourge can be much reduced by better ventilation in the stopes. Let us at all events hope that a serious experiment in this direction may be made. In the meantime I venture to think that until it can be shown beyond the possibility of doubt that the death rate of the European miner can be very materially lessened, it would be unspeakably wrong to send large

numbers of men to almost certain death. Even the large economic issues involved would not justify such a sacrifice.

Outside the immediate interests of European labour, Mr. Cresswell's main politico-economic plank is the taxation of land values. He points to the 8,000,000 acres of land—some of it amongst the most potentially productive in South Africa—which is held in the Transvaal by a few capitalists. He wants this land distributed among small holders who will work it to advantage. He wants the leverage which capital exercises in our politics weakened. Few will disagree with him herein.

The greatest curse of South Africa has been the spirit of haste—of rush—that has been such a strong feature of our development; the disregard of *festina lente*. A nation should grow like the oak, rather than like the scarlet-runner. The members should grow symmetrically and at the same rate. Our progress has resembled a series of explosions. The diamond discoveries, the ostrich industry, the gold output—each has come like a tropical storm rather than like a soaking shower. It is this that has caused most of our misfortunes. I fear the tale of the

latter has not yet been completed. The Rand—Johannesburg—is riding for a fall, or at least for a bad stumble. The spoil of the investor, plus the output of the mines, has weighed so much that the Ridge of the White Waters has become, for the time being, South Africa's economic centre of gravity. The worm at the core of the Rand, the effect of whose tooth will be felt throughout United South Africa, has been over-capitalisation and the booming of shares to many times their value on the Stock Exchanges of the world. Investors who have paid six times what their scrip is worth clamour for what are practically six-fold dividends, and violent efforts are being made to satisfy the clamourers. The only way in which this can be done is by getting out such inordinate quantities of ore that exhaustion is bound soon to follow.

It would, as a matter of fact, have paid South Africa far better in the long run had the Rand output never exceeded £10,000,000 per annum ; if Johannesburg to-day were only half her size. Had such been the case the magnates Leimbek, Duval, Sidonia, and the others, would not, of course, have been quite so rich. They would

still have had enough to permit of their indulging their æsthetic tastes, but they might have had to do without a few of the more expensive luxuries for which they have to-day to draw such substantial cheques—for instance, their linked system of newspapers—that orchestra to whose cunningly melodious measures the whole of South Africa is expected to dance, and to which many who are now getting somewhat weary-footed have danced without intermission through a long, delirious period. They might also have had to do without that self-sacrificing contingent of professional patriots who from time to time tour the country, making strenuous efforts to reconvince waverers and persuade benighted voters of the opposite camp to repent of those errors of political judgment they still so obstinately adhere to.

The debit and credit account between the Rand and the rest of South Africa will be a difficult one to balance—when Time, the Great Actuary, audits our final statement. The entries on the credit side are of obvious things; it is not possible, moreover, that we will ever lose sight of them, for they are always being sung to us almost in the form of a litany. They

include wealth distributed, commercial expansion, a demand for labour, and a general rise in the value of our products. The debit entries comprise some things the value of which it is difficult to express in ciphers or to compute according to currency standards, but which are nevertheless matters of great importance. They include many tears shed, many deaths by violence and disease, many homes desolated, much crime and demoralisation, and a general weakening of ethical and social bonds.

It must not be forgotten that the prosperity of the Rand is based upon abnormal and impermanent conditions. The life at Johannesburg is, for most of the people who live there, extremely demoralising. It is a place where no ideals can survive, where family ties tend to slacken and dissolve. Divorces are nearly as common there as in Dakota; and it is a fact disputed by none that after a sojourn on the Rand the majority of women of all classes lose their taste for domesticity. I should say that three years spent on the Rand, in its feverish, strenuous environment, weighed upon by the sense of impermanency and with nerves overstrung by the unusually arid climate and the

altitude, are calculated to unfit the average human being for life elsewhere.

.

And now, O Ridge of the one-time White Waters, I must bid you farewell. As I lean from the window of the hurrying train that bears me southward to less strenuous climes, gazing through the cool darkness under the unchanging stars, I can see those brightly lit structures in which the monstrous machine-entities ceaselessly strive, shining out along your eastern contours like the burnished scales of that vast world-serpent the Eddas tell of. The days and nights of thy passion are many and full of woe, but again, in some cleaner future, the dross wherewith thou art defiled will disappear and thou wilt come to merit thy old name. Man, with his ravaging engines, his tragic futility, his greed, and his self-inflicted pain will pass like a dream, and Peace will resume her sway. The dewfall and the rain, shed alike on the just and the unjust—on the wild lily of the veld and the livid dump—will lave thy scars and re-create beauty out of thy ruin. When thy travail is at an end the faithful sky will assoil thee and the unbridled winds of heaven bring thee balm.

Again the stars will look down on thy solitude and the timid antelopes steal over thy untroubled summits to bathe in the light of the new-arisen sun.

Time smiles enigmatically as he whispers of Babylon and of those faint, almost unrecognisable vestiges sown over the earth's wide surface—mysterious symbols that tell of naught but the impermanence of man and his defacing deeds. On the slow-turning pages of thy hoar-ancient history—wherein a thousand years are as a day, and a day as a thousand years—this monstrous infestation by greed-driven human creatures will be written of as but a trifling episode between untroubled ages too vast for human computation.

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There are fine and beautiful things in this novel. There is true delicate psychology and clean bold handling of subjects which in feebler hands might easily have been unpleasant, if not offensive. There is true pathos and a fine perception of the importance of the tiny incidents and minor happenings of daily life as affecting the human drama. Janet is the unsatisfied, soul-starved young wife of an elderly, weak, cruel and penurious man, and the other principal character is a human stepson at inevitable enmity with so opposite a father, both craving for the fullness of life, the woman a real woman all through, with a fine perception of what is right, intensely desirous of founding a real home and making real happiness; and the young man of warm flesh and blood responding to her pure woman's love and care with more than mere affection. And yet there is not a false note in all the narrative which after a tragic happening ends finely.

A Grey Life: A Romance of Modern Bath. "RITA"

Author of "Peg the Rake," "My Lord Conceit," "Countess Daphne," "Grim Justice," etc.

"Rita" has chosen Bath as a setting for her new novel. She has disdained the "powder and patches" period, and given her characters the more modern interests of Bath's transition stage in the seventies and eighties. Her book deals with the struggles of an impoverished Irish family of three sisters—who establish themselves in Bath—to whom comes an orphaned niece with the romantic name of Rosaleen Le Snir. She is only a child of fourteen when she arrives, but it is her pen that weaves the story and its fascinating mystery of the Grey Lady in the attics. The history and sad tragedies of this recluse give the story its title, though fuller interest is woven into the brilliant and erratic personality of a certain Chevalier Theophrastus O'Shaughnessey, at once the most charming and original sketch of the Irish adventurer ever penned by a modern writer. In fact, one might safely say that the Chevalier is the male prototype of "Rita's" wonderful and immortal "Peg the Rake."

The Three Destinies.

J. A. T. LLOYD

Author of "The Lady of Kensington Gardens," "A Great Russian Realist," etc.

The scene of this novel opens in the Elgin Room of the British Museum, where its *dramatis personae* are grouped by chance in front of the familiar statue of the "Three Fates." Among them are three young girls and a boy of eighteen, all quite at the beginning of things and vaguely interested in the mysterious future before them. The fact that they have grouped themselves in front of this particular statue attracts the attention of an old professor, who determines to bring them together again, and experiment with their young lives with the same curiosity that a chemist experiments with chemicals. The scene shifts from the Elgin Room to Ireland, and then to Paris and Brittany, Vienna and Dalmatia, but the hero is always under the spell of that first chance meeting in front of the statue. One person after the other plays with his life, and again and again he and the others report themselves on New Year's Day to the old professor, who reads half mockingly the jumble of lives that he himself has produced. In the end the hero realises that these young girls have become to him in turn modern interpreters of the three ancient Destinies.

The King's Master.

OLIVE LETHBRIDGE and JOHN DE STOURTON

A novel dealing with the troublous times of Henry VIII., in which the political situation, Court intrigues and religious discussions of the period are treated in a masterly manner. A strong love element is introduced, and the characters of Anne Boleyn and Thomas Cromwell are presented in an entirely new light, while plot and counter-plot, hair-breadth escapes, love, hate, revenge, and triumph all go to form the theme.

Maggie of Margate. A Romance of the Idle Rich.

GABRIELLE WODNIL

"Maggie of Margate," a beautiful girl with an unobtrusive style which attracted nine men out of ten, was in reality an exclusive lady of title, bored because she sighed for realism and romance, and was affianced to a prospective peer. How she contrived a dual individuality is the pith of the story, which is in no way high flown. Maggie is a delightful creation, and her very erring frailty and duplicity makes us pity her the more. She cannot break away finally from her social status, but to retain it she nearly breaks her heart. The man of her fancy, *Michael Blair*, is the most striking figure in the whole story, which teems with varied characters, all of which hold us intently from the first page to the last. All the world loves a lover, and, therefore, every one will love Michael Blair.

The Celebrity's Daughter.

VIOLET HUNT

Author of "The Doll," "White Rose of Weary Leaf," etc.

Life-like portraits, a tangled plot, only fully unravelled in the last chapter, go to the making of Miss Violet Hunt's stories. "The Celebrity's Daughter" has the humour, smart dialogue, the tingling life of this clever writer's earlier novels. It is the autobiography of the daughter of a celebrity who has fallen on evil days. Told in the author's inimitable style.

Paul Burdon.

SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY

Author of "The Fruits of Indiscretion," "The Long Hand," etc.

This is a strong story full of exciting incidents. The hero is a farmer crippled for want of capital, which he finds quite unexpectedly. A thunderstorm and an irate husband cause a young banker to seek refuge at the farm, from which a loud knocking causes further retreat to a big family tomb, which becomes his own when the lightning brings some old ruins down and buries both. The banker's bag of gold falls into the hands of the farmer, who profits by its use. Other characters play important parts, and love interest adds its softening charm.

Cheerful Craft.

R. ANDOM

Author of "We Three and Troddles," "Neighbours of Mine."
With 60 original illustrations.

There is nothing sombre or introspective about "Cheerful Craft," and those who agree with Mr. Balfour's view of the need of lighter and brighter books will find here something to please them. Broad humour and rollicking adventure characterise this story. A city clerk rises from obscurity and attains to a position of wealth and dignity, and carries us with him all the way, condoning his rascality for the sake of his ready humour and cheery optimism. After all he is a merry rogue, and he works no great harm to anyone, and much good to himself, and incidentally to most of those with whom he comes in contact. We hardly know in which form to like him most, as Hilary Ford, ex-clerk, loungeur and tramp, or Havelock Rose, the son of a wealthy ship-owner, whose place he usurps under circumstances which do credit to the writer's ingenuity without putting too great a strain on the credulity of the reader.

Love's Cross Roads.

L. T. MEADE

Author of "Desborough's Wife," "Ruffles," etc.

This is the story of a good and honourable man who in a moment of sudden temptation fell. How his sin found him out—what he suffered from remorse; how, with all his strivings, he was nearly circumvented, and how, just when he thought all would be well, he nearly lost what was far above gold to him is ably described. The story is highly exciting, and from the first page to the last it would be difficult to put the book down. The account of the villain who sought to ruin Paul Colthurst, and to cause the death of either young Peter or Pamala, is full of terrible interest. But perhaps the most truly life-like character in the whole book is Silas Luke, the poor miserable tramp, who though bribed, tempted, tortured, yet could not bring himself to do the evil thing suggested, and who was saved by the sweet girl who was meant to be his victim. The repentance of the tramp leads to the greater repentance of Paul Colthurst. The story ends happily.

The Swelling of Jordan.

CORALIE STANTON AND

HEATH HOSKIN. Authors of "Plumage," "The Muzzled Ox," etc.

Canon Oriel, an earnest worker in the East End, loved and respected, had years before the story commences, while climbing with his friend Digby Cavan in Switzerland, found in the pocket of his friend's coat, which he had accidentally put on instead of his own, evidence that his friend had robbed him, the canon's, brother and been the cause of his committing suicide. Oriel, in a struggle which took place between the two men, hurled his friend from the precipice. Now the glacier gives up Cavan's rucksack, and any day it may yield up his body. To reveal subsequent developments would spoil the reader's enjoyment of a thrilling plot.

Opal of October.

JOY SHIRLEY

For those born in the month of October, the opal is said to be a lucky stone, and this novel is based upon the assumption that it is so. It is a story of the times of the soothsayers and the witches, when people were all more or less trying to discover the philosopher's stone which turns everything to gold. The witch in this case is a young girl of great beauty, who narrowly escapes the stake.

Galbraith of Wynyates.

E. EVERETT-GREEN

Author of "Duckworth's Diamonds," "Clive Lorimer's Marriage," etc., etc.

This is a story of the ill consequence following upon the making of an unwise will. Joyce is the only daughter of the real owner of Wynyates who has let the property to a relative who is the next-of-kin after his daughter. Warned of the uncertainty of his own life he wills the property to his daughter in trust during her minority, and appoints the relative who holds the property as tenant, trustee. Overhearing a conversation between the family lawyer and her uncle, who discuss the unwisdom of placing her in the charge of one who is directly interested in her death, she imagines all kinds of evil intentions on the part of her guardian, and looks with suspicion upon all his counsels for her welfare. Love interests lead to complications, but the unfaithfulness of her lover leaves her free and she finally marries the guardian of whom she had stood so long in fear. It is a very readable book written in the author's best style.

The Ban.

LESTER LURGAN

Author of "The Mill-owner," "Bohemian Blood," etc., etc.

This is a story of mystery involving the Ban of Blood. Brenda is a pretty, charming, and very feminine girl of good English family who marries one who adores her, but who has, unknown to himself, Red-Indian blood in his veins. This is revealed to him by an old nurse on her death-bed, and is demonstrated on his return to his wife by the birth of a son who bears unmistakable signs of the terrible inheritance. An old mystery is explained, and new tragedies follow. The child is placed under the care of the grandmother's tribe but soon succumbs, nor does the father long survive the awful experience. After his death Brenda marries her childhood's playmate and first love.

Bright Shame.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN

Author of "The Free Marriage," "The Plunder Pit," "Hate of Evil," etc.

Stephen Gaunt, an English sculptor famous in Italy, is the father of a son born out of wedlock, whom he has never heard of. In his youth, a light attachment broken in a causeless fit of jealousy drove him abroad, but when the story opens he is a strong and engaging personality. He comes home to execute a commission, and meets his son without knowing him. In doing so, he encounters a couple, childless themselves, who have passed the boy off as their own since infancy, when his mother died. They are an elder half-brother, who has always hated Stephen, and his sensitive, tender and simple wife, who loves the boy with all her heart, fears to lose him, and who is yet tormented by her secret. A romantic friendship springs up between son and father; and the chain of accidents and proofs by which he learns the truth, his struggle for control of the boy, who has genius, and the effect of these events on the boy and his foster mother make a fascinating plot.

A Star of the East: A Story of Delhi. CHARLES

E. PEARCE. Author of "The Amazing Duchess," "The Beloved Princess," "Love Besieged," "Red Revenge," etc.

"East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." This is the theme of Mr. Pearce's new novel of life in India. The scene is laid in Delhi, the city of all others where for the past hundred years the traditions of ancient dynasties and the barbaric splendours of the past have been slowly retreating before the ever-advancing influence of the West. The conflict of passions between Nara, the dancing girl, in whose veins runs the blood of Shah Jehan, the most famous of the Kings of Delhi, and Clare Stanhope, born and bred in English conventionality, never so pronounced as in the Fifties, is typical of the differences between the East and the West. The rivalry of love threads its way through a series of exciting incidents, culminating in the massacre and the memorable siege of Delhi. This book completes the trilogy of Mr. Pearce's novels of the Indian Mutiny, of which "Love Besieged" and "Red Revenge" were the first and second.

The Destiny of Claude.

MAY WYNNE

Author of "Henri of Navarre," "The Red Fleur de Lys," "Honour's Fetters," etc.

Claude de Marbeille to escape a convent life joins her friend Margot de Ladrennes in Touraine. Jacques Comte de Ladrennes, a hunchback, falls in love with her, and when the two girls go to Paris to enter the suite of the fifteen year old Mary Queen of Scots, he follows and takes service with the Duke of Guise. Claude, however, falls in love with Archie Cameron, an officer of the Scottish Guard, who by accident discovers how Queen Mary has been tricked by her Uncles of Guise into signing papers bequeathing Scotland to France in the event of her dying childless. Cameron is imprisoned, but escapes in time to warn the Scots Commissioners on their way home of this act of treachery. Cameron is followed by a spy of the Guises, and the four Commissioners die by poison. Cameron recovers, and returns to Paris to find that Claude has been sent to some unknown Convent. The rest of the tale relates Cameron's search for his sweetheart, the self-sacrifice of the Comte de Ladrennes, and the repentance and atonement of Margot de Ladrennes, who through jealousy betrays her friend

Susan and the Duke.

KATE HORN

Author of "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun," "The White Owl," "The Lovelocks of Diana," etc.

Lord Christopher Fitzarden, younger brother of the Duke of Cheadle, is the most delightful of young men. He adopts the old family servants destined for the almshouses by the cynical Duke, who bestows upon him the family house in Mayfair. Nanny, his old nurse, keeps him in order. Susan Ringsford, the heroine, is an early visitor. She is in love with Kit, but he falls madly in love with Rosalind Pilkington, the heiress of a rich manufacturer. The contrast between the two girls is strongly drawn. Susan, sweet and refined—a strong character but of insignificant appearance, and Rosalind radiantly beautiful—ambitious and coarse of nature. The whole party go caravanning with Lady Barchester and an affected little poet, and many love scenes are woven into the tour in the New Forest. Susan and the Duke of Cheadle have a conversation—the Duke loves her in silence, and sees that she loves his brother. He gets up a flirtation with Rosalind, who, anxious to be a duchess, throws over Kit immediately. The Duke disillusiones her. Meanwhile Susan and Kit have come together, and the book ends with wedding bells.

Lonesome Land.

B. M. BOWER

A strong, human story in which Valeria Peyson, an Eastern girl, goes out to a desolate Montana town to marry the lover who has preceded her three years before. Unfortunately the lover has not had the moral fibre to stand the unconventionality of Western life, and has greatly deteriorated. However, they marry and live on his ranch, where Valeria finds that the country and her husband are by no means what she thought them. She does her best to make the life endurable and is aided by the kindness of her husband's closest friend, a rough diamond with an honest heart. Out of this situation is unfolded a strong tale of character development and over-mastering love that finds a dramatic outcome in happiness for those most deserving it.

Confessions of Perpetua.

ALICE M. DIEHL

Author of "A Mysterious Lover," "The Marriage of Lenore," etc.

Perpetua is the youngest of three daughters of a baronet, all of whom make wealthy marriages, a duke, a viscount and a colonel sharing the baronet's family. The story opens when Perpetua emerges from the care of her governess and enters society under the auspices of the duchess. She marries against the warnings of the countess and divorces the colonel within three months of their union, and yet all proceeds in a perfectly natural and straightforward manner. The process of disillusion from love's enchantment is well described, and other Perpetuas may well learn a lesson from the heroine's experience. The characters are well drawn and distinct, and the narrative develops dramatic incidents from time to time.

A Modern Ahab.

THEODORA WILSON WILSON

Author of "Bess of Hardendale," "Moll o' the Toll-Bar," etc.

This is a very readable novel in the author's best manner. Rachael Despenser, a successful artist, spends a summer holiday in a Westmoreland village, living at an old farm-house, and making friends of the people. Grimstone, a local baronet, is grabbing the land to make a deer run, and Rachael comes into collision with him, but is adored by his delicate little son. Right-of-way troubles ensue, and violence disturbs the peace. Grimstone's elder son and heir returns from Canada, where he has imbibed Radical notions. He sympathises with the villagers, and is attracted towards Rachael, whom he marries. The baronet determines to oust the farmer whom Rachael had championed, when the tragic death of his delicate little son leads him to relinquish the management of the estate to his heir.

The Annals of Augustine

RAFAEL SABATINI

Author of "Bardelys the Magnificent," "The Lion's Skin," etc.

Mr. Sabatini lays before his readers in "The Annals of Augustine" a startling and poignant human document of the Italian Renaissance. It is the autobiographical memoir of Augustine, Lord of Mondolfo, one of the lesser tyrants of Æmilia, a man pre-natally vowed to the cloister by his over-devout mother. With merciless self-analysis does Augustine in these memoirs reveal his distaste for the life to which he was foredoomed, and his early efforts to break away from the repellent path along which he is being forced. The Lord of Mondolfo's times are the times of the Farnese Pope (Paul III.), whose terrible son, Pier Luigi Farnese, first Duke of Parma, lives again, sinister and ruthless, in these pages. As a mirror of the Cinquecento, "The Annals of Augustine" deserves to take an important place, whilst for swiftness of action and intensity of romantic interest it stands alone.

Dagobert's Children.

L. J. BEESTON

"Mr. Beeston's spirited work is already well known to a large circle of readers, but this book is the most powerful he has yet written, and for plot, dramatic incident, and intensity of emotion reaches a very high level. The successive chapters are alive with all the breath and passion of war, and are written with a vividness and power which holds the reader's interest to the last word."

The Redeemer.

RENÉ BAZIN

Author of "The Children of Alsace," "The Nun," "Redemption," etc.

This is a romance of village life in the Loire country, with love complications which awaken sympathy and absorb interest. Davideé is a junior mistress in the village school, and the story mainly concerns her love attraction and moral restraint. She is drawn towards Maievel Jacquet, a worker in the slate quarries near by, with whom Phrosine, a beautiful young woman who has left her husband, is living. Davideé befriends them, but on the death of their child Maievel goes away, and Phrosine, who dislikes Davideé because of her superior morality, goes in search of her son by her husband. Both return to the village, and Phrosine seeks reunion with Maievel, who refuses her, telling her that their dead son bars the way. Phrosine attributes this to the interposition of Davideé, and ultimately leaves with another lover. There is now no longer any barrier between Maievel and Davideé, who can hence follow her attraction without violating her scruples.

The She-Wolf.

MAXIME FORMONT

Author of "A Child of Chance," etc. Translated from the French by Elsie F. Buckley.

This is a powerful novel of the life and times of Cæsar Borgia, in which history and romance are mingled with a strong hand. The author holds Cæsar guilty of the murder of his brother, and shows a strong motive for the crime. The story of the abduction of Alva Colonna on the eve of her marriage with Prosero Sarelli, when she is carried off to his palace at Rome and becomes his slave-mistress, is related. The subsequent events, more or less following history or tradition, include the introduction of the dark woman of gipsy extraction, who enamours Cæsar, and poisons the wine by which the Colonna and her old lover Sarelli die. Cæsar is shown strong, brutal, unscrupulous and triumphant. The story closes with a description of his last days and death. This novel has been highly popular in France.

Her Majesty the Flapper.

A. E. JAMES

With a picture wrapper of "Her Majesty" in colours.

There is a fresh, natural touch about these episodes in the development of a Flapper which make them breezy and refreshing reading, involving no little amusement. Her Majesty the Flapper is a lady-flapper, of course, neither a boulder nor a cad, but just a flapper. Accessories, willing or unwilling, are her cousins Victoria and Bobbie, a male person over thirty, who tells most of the story, though the Flapper is as irrepresible in the telling of the story as in acting it. Of course, Bobbie is victimised, and the story ends with the coming out of the Flapper, and the final victimisation takes the form of an engagement. Readers will sympathise with Bobbie, and some will envy him.

Chaff and the Wind.

G. VILLIERS STUART

Chaff and the Wind is a novel showing the working of the unseen hand, and telling the story of a man who shirked his destiny, and who was forced to watch the career of another who rose to heights of national fame, while he himself drifted like chaff before the wind. It is a novel of incident illustrating a theory, and is therefore more dramatic than psychological. The action of life and destiny on character is more indicated than the action of character on life.

The Marble Aphrodite.

ANTHONY KIRBY GILL

An imaginative story of a young sculptor who, inspired by Venus, produces an Aphrodite of amazing loveliness and nobility. Carroll, the chief character, is an idealist, a devotee of art, and a worshipper of beauty, and the main theme of the novel is centred in and about his creation of this statue. Other characters include a painter who encourages his young friend's idealism, a wealthy aristocrat of a cynical bent of mind, a beautiful and accomplished actress, a poet, and a society lady married to a man of evil reputation. The conflicting interests of these people, the effects of their actions, tragic and otherwise, the scenes in the studios and the society, theatrical, and Bohemian scenes, including the glimpse given of the night side of London life, form a realistic background or setting for the principal motive, which, though closely interwoven with it, is of a purely imaginative and idealistic character. Psychological analysis enters largely into the author's treatment, and the story reflects here and there certain mental movements of the day.

The Poodle-Woman.

ANNESLEY KENEALY

Author of "Thus Saith Mrs. Grundy."

Miss Annesley Kenealy's new novel deals with the feminine side of the great unrest of our time, and she sets herself to answer the questions "What do Women Want?" and "What is the cause of their great unrest?" It is a charming love story, dealing mainly with two women, a man, and a mannikin. It presents feminism from an entirely fresh standpoint, but polemics are entirely absent. In a series of living moving pictures it shows how the games of life and matrimony are played under rules which put all the best cards of the pack into men's hands. The heroine is an emotional Irish girl, with the reckless romance of the Celt and the chivalry of a woman, who keeps sweet through very bitter experiences. Possessing no world craft she is slave to her heart, and gives and forgives unto seventy times seven. The book is epigrammatic and full of humour.

The Romance of Bayard. LT.-COL. ANDREW C. P.

HAGGARD, D.S.O. Author of "The France of Joan of Arc," "Two Worlds," etc.

"The Romance of Bayard" is one of perennial interest, as a "life," as a "thing of beauty," is a joy for ever. The story of the chevalier, who was "without fear and without reproach" cannot too often be told. The story opens on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and its personelle includes Henry of England, Francis of France, the French Queen-mother, the Princess Marguerita, who loved Bayard with intense devotion, and Anne Boleyn, a young French maid of honour. It ends with Bayard's death during the fatal expedition into Italy in 1524. The romance places Marguerita and Anne Boleyn at his side at the last. Col. Haggard's historical romances are all well known and highly popular at the libraries and with the general public, and this one is not likely to fall short of high appreciation.

A Durbar Bride.

CHARLOTTE CAMERON

Author of "A Passion in Morocco," "A Woman's Winter in South America," etc.

This is a wonderfully interesting novel, conducting one through labyrinths of exciting scenes and chapters with not a dull moment in the entire production. It is written in Charlotte Cameron's most brilliant style. In the first chapters the author depicts the misery of a young bride whose husband became hopelessly insane during their honeymoon. The pathetic story graphically narrated of Muriel's unsatisfactory life, neither maid, wife, nor widow, and the injustice of the law which binds a woman until death to a mad man is admirably portrayed. Mrs. Cameron is the only writer who has as yet given us from an eye-witness point of view a romance on the Imperial Durbar at Delhi; where, as the representative of several papers, she had the opportunity of attending the entire ceremonies. The life at the Government Camps, the sweet love story of the hero and heroine, the simple marriage ceremony in Skinner's historic church at Delhi will prove a keen enjoyment to the readers. Their Majesties the Queen, and Queen Alexandra have graciously accepted copies of this novel.

The Career of Beauty Darling. DOLF WYLLARDE

Author of "The Riding Master," "The Unofficial Honeymoon."

"The Career of Beauty Darling" is a story of the musical comedy stage, and endeavours to set forth both the vices and virtues of the life without prejudice. If the temptations are manifold, the author finds much good also in those who pursue this particular branch of the profession, for she says "there are no kinder hearts in the world, I think, than those that beat under the finery of the chorus girl, no better humanity than that which may be found behind the paint and powder and the blistered eyes." Miss Wyllarde has made plain statements in this, her latest book, and has not shrunk from the realism of the life; but, as she says, even the general public knows that the dazzle and glitter from the front of the footlights is a very different view to that which may be seen behind the curtain.

The Retrospect. ADA CAMBRIDGE

Author of "Thirty Years in Australia," "A Little Minx," etc.

"There can be little hesitation in asserting that this is one of the most delightful books of the year."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

"Miss Cambridge has such a delightful style, and so much of interest to tell us, that the reader closes the book with the sensation of having bidden a dear friend farewell."—*Bristol Times and Mirror*.

"Written throughout with an engaging literary grace."—*Scotsman*.

Francesca. CECIL ADAIR

Author of "The Qualities of Mercy," "Cantacute Towers," etc.

This author possesses all the qualities which make for popularity and can be relied upon to arrest and maintain interest from first to last. The *Guardian* reviewing "Cantacute Towers" said—"In it we seem to see a successor of Rosa N. Carey," and those who admire the work of Miss Carey cannot do better than take the hint. A strong human interest always appeals to the reader and satisfies perusal.

The Strength of the Hills. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

Author of "A Benedick in Arcady," "Priscilla of the Good Intent," etc.

In this novel Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe returns to the Haworth Moorland which was the inspiration of all his earlier work; it deals with the strenuous life of the moors sixty years ago and will rank with his strongest and best works. Those who remember our author's "Man of the Moors," "An Episode in Arcady," "A Bachelor in Arcady," and "A Benedick in Arcady" will not hesitate to follow him anywhere across the moorlands in the direction of Arcadia.

Officer 666. BARTON W. CURRIE and AUGUSTIN McHUGH

An uproarious piece of American wit fresh from the Gaiety Theatre, New York, which will be produced on the London boards and in France some time this autumn. It is from the pen of Mr. Augustin McHugh, who has associated himself with Mr. Barton W. Currie in producing it in novel form. Its dramatic success in America has been phenomenal; and whether as a play or a novel, it will doubtless receive a warm welcome in this country.

Devil's Brew. MICHAEL W. KAYE

Author of "The Cardinal's Past," "A Robin Hood of France," etc.

Jack Armiston, awaking to the fact that life has other meaning than that given it by a fox-hunting squire, becomes acquainted with Henry Hunt, the socialist demagogue, but after many vicissitudes, during which he finds he has sacrificed friends and sweetheart to a worthless propaganda, he becomes instrumental in baulking the Cato Street Conspirators of their plot to murder the members of the Cabinet, and eventually regains his old standing—and Pamela. A spirited story.

The Fruits of Indiscretion. SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY

Author of "The Long Hand," "Paul Burdon," etc.

This is a story of murder and mystery, in which the interest is well sustained and the characters are convincing. It is absorbing without being melodramatic, and thrilling without being sensational. There is to be a wedding at a country house on the eve of which the best man is killed in the hunting field. Captain Routham is asked to take his place, but disappears. His body is found on the railway track. Rolt, a famous detective, is put on the scent, and gradually probes the mystery. Routham had had a love affair with the heroine in former years, and had been blackmailing her. There is a rascally lawyer in the case who is killed in a carriage accident, and is so saved criminal consequences. In the end the heroine marries her lover.

The Tragedy of the Nile. DOUGLAS SLADEN

Author of "The Unholy Estate," "The Tragedy of the Pyramids," etc.

A military novel dealing with the fate and re-conquest of Khartum. This is even more military than Mr. Sladen's "Tragedy of the Pyramids" and "The Unholy Estate." Mr. Sladen is at his best when he is describing battles, and the book is full of them; but, like Mr. Sladen's other books, it is also full of romance. The author, never content with an ordinary plain-sailing engagement between two young persons, selects one of the *crucés* which present themselves in real life and love. This time it is the case of a beautiful white woman who, being captured at the fall of Khartum, has to enter the harem of Wad-el-Nejumi, the bravest of all the generals of the Mahdi. When she is rescued on the fatal field of Toski, the question arises, Can a white man marry her? There are great figures standing forth in Mr. Sladen's pages—above all, the heroic Gordon in his last great moments at Khartum, and Wad-el-Nejumi, who stormed Khartum and died so grandly at Toski.

The Memoirs of Mimosa. Edited by ANNE ELLIOT

This is a book calculated to make as great a sensation as the famous *Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff*, which electrified a whole continent some years ago; or *The Diary of a Lost One*, which set Germany ringing more recently. It is the intimate and unflinching confession of a brilliant, erotic, and undisciplined woman, who resolves to "live every moment of her life," and succeeds in so doing at the cost of much suffering to herself and others. Her mixture of worldliness, sentiment, fancy, passion, and extraordinary *joie de vivre* make her a fascinating study of a type somewhat rare. At her death she bequeathed these Memoirs to the woman friend who edits them and presents them to the world. We get the woman's point of view in all matters—poetry, politics, sport, music, the stage, and, dominating all, the great problems of sex.

The Return of Pierre. DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

With a frontispiece from a painting by Edouard Detaille.

This is not a novel about the Franco-Prussian War, but the very human story of Pierre, with some of the scenes of the heroic struggle as a background. Pierre, a country lad, is the central figure. Other prominent figures are the woman Pierre loves, her father—a fine old Colonel of Dragoons—and a German spy, not without attractive qualities, whose fate becomes strangely entangled with theirs. The book abounds in striking situations, including the discovery and escape of the spy—the departure of the Dragoons for the war—the remorse of a French General who feels personally responsible for the men he has lost—night in a hospital-tent—the last flicker of the defence of Paris and the entry of the German troops.

The Incurrible Dukane. GEORGE C. SHIEDD

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